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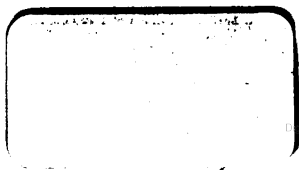
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HOW TO LIVE IN LONDON ;

OR, THE

METROPOLITAN MICROSCOPE,

And Stranger's Guide ;

**ELUCIDATING THE MANNER AND MEANS BY WHICH
THOUSANDS EXIST IN APPARENT RESPECTABILITY
WITHOUT FRIENDS, PROFESSION, TRADE, OR
FORTUNE !**

EXPLAINING ALSO

HOW THIS MAY BE EFFECTED HONESTLY :

AND, ON THE OTHER HAND, CONTAINING

HINTS TO THE UNWARY,

**To avoid the Stratagems of Swindlers, Tricks of Thieves, Gamblers,
Cyprians, and all who Live by Plundering those they appear to
befriend ; with a few cautionary and instructive Remarks on—**

LAWYERS, PAWNBROKERS, AND AUCTIONEERS.

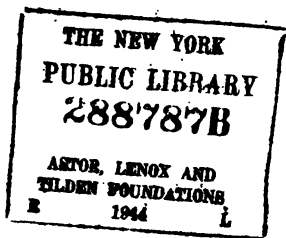
BY TWO CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

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1828.

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PREFACE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WE have information to give—therefore we write :
you have information to seek—therefore you read.
That this may be deemed authentic, we, in order to
obtain your confidence, intend to reveal the means
by which we obtained it.

To unfold how to Live in London, it will be necessary to disclose how numbers of its inhabitants contrive to exist. Their means, therefore, we shall exhibit, not as objects of imitation, but as warnings to the unwary; for, by showing our readers how hundreds prey upon their fellow creatures, we shall guard them against being thus preyed upon themselves. This will be no unprofitable performance, when it is known that thousands in our metropolis live well—are respected by society—and unmolested by the law, who have no *ostensible* profession, trade, or mode of living.

After unmasking the many, we shall proceed to

show how a man may honestly exist, without following any certain or absolute trade or calling; nay, not only exist, but live comfortably, on those waifs of fortune that fleet by on every breeze.

An obvious question presents itself. If, say our readers, you can show us this, why do you not avow yourselves? Let your names be the vouchers of your knowledge. To know, you must be known; you could not have thus penetrated into the heart of metropolitan society without becoming notorious. Granted, ladies and gentlemen; we own it—we are known. Our names are as familiar to every reader as his own, and for this very reason we must not subscribe them. We profess to pourtray the practices of gamblers, place sellers, swindlers, petitioners, auctioneers, attornies and their agents, kiteflyers, &c. &c. &c.; to obtain their secrets we have sought their society—"to do a great right we have done a little wrong;" but once place our names to this sheet, and we raise these hornets about our ears; who, enraged that we expose their practices, and thus snatch the inexperienced from their snares, would wreak their vengeance upon us. Readers! we are not invulnerable. We shall lay bare the robberies of the prize ring—do you ask our

names, that we may enable these ruffians to attack us? We shall expose the atrocities of informers—must we print the registry of our baptisms in our title page, to enable these reptiles to haunt us in revenge with vexatious indictments under obsolete acts—must we lie open to the danger of having every rascal in London watching his opportunity to destroy us?

This work being anonymous, is the best security of its truth. None but ourselves would dare to write—no man would dare to avow it, who was condemned to remain in the same city with the wretches we thus endeavour by exposure to extirpate.

So much for our appellations!

Do not imagine, ladies and gentlemen, from this exordium, that our pages are wholly devoted to the exposition of crime—information and amusement will go hand-in-hand; we shall tell the history of some, and you shall shudder at their crimes—of more, and you shall laugh at their follies—but each carries its warning. From the most ludicrous scene, knowledge of life and of human nature may be extracted. It will become our duty, as it is our intention, to describe some of the most eccentric, as well as notorious, persons in the metropolis. On

the bad we will so fix our brand, "that men may see and shun them;" to the unfortunate we may turn the eye of pity, and the hand of charity; from the eccentric, whilst we excite mirth at their irregularities, we shall draw a moral from their fate.

It is only justice that we should now disclose the manner, as well as the means, by which we obtained this knowledge.

We have been ourselves in early life the victims of our inexperience—fleece~~d~~ by gamblers, robbed by crooks in the ring, jockeyed on the turf, swindled in our shops, and fooled by the fair:

We have bought experience—now we sell it. Our volume will cost you *Two Shillings and Sixpence*, our experience has cost us thousands. Alas! the days of misery and nights of anguish that it has occasioned us—the gray hairs, the wrinkled brows, form no items in account; they are the coin that those, who buy wisdom, have hitherto paid—may this book avert it.

In the following pages we have sometimes adopted the language of others, but in these cases we have added to and elucidated the matter quoted, and for this freedom it is presumed our confession will be deemed an apology.

HOW TO LIVE IN LONDON.

HAVE you read the preface? If not, do; it is as necessary to your entering into the spirit of this book, as a staircase is for going to a second floor. Presuming you have obeyed our injunctions, we will at once proceed.

London and its environs contain one million and a half of souls; out of this number there are scarcely fifty thousand wholly independent of some kind of exertion for their means of existence. Thousands, it is true, pursue legitimate measures, and support themselves and others by commerce, without filching from their fellow creatures; but, in so vast a capital, where so many work, the consumption is not equal to the supply. This circumstance alone drives many to dishonest courses; and this, coupled with the inherent love of idleness common to mankind, occasions hundreds to live upon the exertions of others, without making any of their own.

Reality in London has given way to appearance. To the unpractised eye, the immense rolls of Irish linen our haberdashers' shops present, are undeniable indications of wealth—the apparent Irish is a mere log of wood, covered with a bit of linen, filled in at each end with strips of it, and carefully packed to represent it. The vast machines (for we know not

what other term to give them) that appear, and are marked as if they contained gin, rum, or brandy, that meet the eye at every wine vaults in the metropolis, are, to use the phraseology of Crack, "all outside," and the vender, perhaps, buys his spirits in small quantities, just sufficient to answer his immediate demand. The grocers' shops, in which we have, in the days of our ignorance, trembled lest the shelf of loaf sugar above our heads might fall, and cause a concussion of the brain, no longer alarm us; now, we order our ounce of tea, and stand fearlessly by, knowing that the well shaped *plaster of Paris* loaves would scarcely disorder a hair of our heads. You see those Wellington boots that tempt you at every turn, glowing under the visitations of Day and Martin, and labelled "only twelve shillings, a variety within;" they are made to show and not to sell. By a particular manœuvre in the cutting, it is impossible these pairs should fit any one; in fact, they are paired, but not matched, and the "variety within" applies to boots of a very different price and quality. A few words more, and then to dinner with what appetites you may. You see those polonies and German sausages, blooming freshly on the counters of the cook-shops; they look as if they were made this morning—not so, but they were *oiled* last night! These things are kept weeks, nay months; and to give these ancient sausages an air of juvenility, they absolutely rub them with oil once a week. Do not those red sheep's tongues tempt you? Look at the turn-up bedstead in your servant's room, the same liquor paints one and colours the other! To look into the window of H——, the silversmith, you would imagine that the

wealth of Peru was at his disposal; but when you are informed that all the plate you behold belongs to different families, who deposit it there for security, your amazement at his riches diminishes. Wood and leather furnish the shelves of our booksellers, and even royalty itself is said to have resorted to this cheap method of furnishing a library. The bottles that adorn our liquor shops, appearing to contain brandy, wine, &c. are filled with water, coloured by alkanet root;* and the apparent expensive mixtures exhibited in globules at our chemists, are dilutions of sulphate of iron. In short, wherever the appearances are gorgeous or glittering, depend upon it they are false; riches seeks no parade. Look at the shop of Rundell and Bridge, on Ludgate Hill, the proprietors are worth millions, and yet their outward show only indicates respectability—guard against appearances. We know London. We daily look upon the gaudy trappings of tradesmen, who we know are only a few weeks off the gazette, and sigh for their creditors, who are deluded by the glitter that should forewarn them. We behold these splendid exteriors, and knowing what they are, turn away, “*and sicken at their hollowness.*”

Having given a sketch of our tradesmen, and some of their manœuvres, we shall now commence the subject of gamblers, in the course of which we shall clearly demonstrate, that infinitely more than half London ought to come under that denomination. We propose to trace this vice from the petty scoundrel who tosses for a glass, to the ruby-nosed gentleman who

* One halfpenny worth will colour a gallon.

speculates in time bargains at the Stock Exchange. We shall take a review of the ruined wretches that visit B——t's (the Jew's gambling house in Lisle-street, Leicester-square), as well as the grand emporium in St. James's, and follow their steps, and faithfully delineate all their actions, until, fairly worn out, they retire to rest all day, preparatory to commencing their pursuits on the following night. We shall pass the clubs, and leave the fools of fashion to pillage each other in peace. The exiled earl of P——, M——n, H——e, and B——, with many more, are awful examples to all sprigs of nobility; it is of the middling classes our duties compel us to speak.

Into a public gaming house you cannot get, unless introduced by some one known there; you will find such friends in every coffee-house.

First then of the games: *Rouge & noir* (i. e. red and black) is played on a table covered with a checkered cloth, alternately red and black, on either of which colours you put down your money. The croupier (dealer) then deals out some cards from six packs, all intermingled, and stops when his dealing amounts to thirty-one, or the next nearest amount to it—this deal is for black; he then does the same for red, and the one nearest to thirty-one wins. Where both the deals amount to the same number, be that number what it may, they call *après*, and take half the player's money, and then deal again; if he on the second trial is on the right colour, he gets his own money back, *but no more*; if on the wrong, he of course loses all. By secreting cards these *après* are frequently effected, and thus the players are cheated.

In the pay of the concern are a number of ruined gamblers, plucked pigeons, who have no longer a feather to fly with; they frequent coffee-houses at the west-end, introduce themselves to the acquaintance of young men of fashion, take them to the houses, and are paid a bonus by the proprietors, great, in proportion to the sum their victim has been robbed of. The following sketch will elucidate the conduct at No. 5, King Street, St. James's:—

When the company musters thick, and there is much play, Philip H—ds—rth and his hoary-headed colleague D—vis take their seats at the table opposite to each other, and deal the cards by turns; their fame for sleight of hand is too well known to require any comment; suffice it to say, that when they preside, the colour on which the *most money* is staked is sure to lose, or if stakes are nearly equal on both, a thirty-one *après* is made, which gives them the half of both the stakes. This is playing a sure game; numberless are the victims whom these all-devouring monsters have destroyed; many are the instances of men, who, after having been ruined by them, have been brought to the gallows. Haywood is a melancholy example of this. They have caused more ruin than plague, pestilence, and famine could have done; their system of play is founded on deceit of all sorts, and by such means they rise like mushrooms, become suddenly rich, owing their wealth to no qualities but such as are most despicable, and holding in utter contempt those who strive to gain an independence by slow and honest means. Fraud and villany are the deities worshipped by them, and at the shrine of their insatiate avarice is immolated the victim, who, had he

not been decoyed to this den of thieves, might still have continued to be happy. To illustrate this, let us cite the example of one of the first bill-brokers upon 'Change, who, a few years ago, *rolled in wealth* (Nathan Le—v—e), whom they have actually stripped of incalculable sums, and who is now reduced next door to beggary. Two gallants, the Mr. B—s, young men, brothers, officers in the army, who, after having escaped the dangers and perils of the Peninsula war, returned home to enjoy, in the bosom of their families, that peace and comfort which their patrimony, of which they had lately become possessed, promised them the enjoyment, became the prey of the recruiting serjeants belonging to this establishment, and in three years were fleeced of a very large sum of money; they are at present both in prison. Let us now take a peep a few doors lower in this street, No. 10, kept by D—vis the elder, and Dick Desb—w, of E. O. table and falsehood notoriety: this hell is less in rank, though not least in villany, to the foregoing; the aiders and abettors are Bill D—vis, son to the aforementioned, who bids fair to rival his sire in the arts of false play. Thomas La—nder, commonly styled Tommy Roundhead, *ci-devant* conductor of stores to the army, a complete Greek, always ready at hand to second the motions of Dick Desb—w, when a Johnny Newcome is to be fleeced; and last, not least, behold Squire P—d, who, under the most meek and sanctified outward appearance, conceals all the tricks and devices of an experienced black-leg, a perfect Iago. Of such materials is composed the staff of this establishment, besides a good corps de reserve always at hand. They profess to place on

the table a bank of 300*l.*, but it scarce ever exceeds 100*l.* or 150*l.*, and, with this trifling sum, they contrive to win from 400*l.* to 500*l.* daily, and it is not rare to see an individual lose from 800*l.* to 1200*l.* at a sitting. The stakes are from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 25*l.*; 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* are frequently put down by the broken punter, and the smallest donations are thankfully received by the bank. You may daily behold at the table individuals who constantly win; they are in the secrets of the cabinet, and play for the bank, in order to delude the young and unsuspecting punter into a belief that there is a possibility of winning, although experience proves that certain ruin is sure to overtake him, who is so infatuated as to persist in following up this destructive game. They seldom, at this house, give the broken-down player the opportunity of resorting to the pawnbroker to recruit his finances; if the victim has about his person a valuable watch, seals, chain, diamond brooch, or ring, from the moment of his entering this den of thieves, Tommy Roundhead has calculated its probable value, and steps forward, and generously offers to lend about half its worth, on this security, encouraging the poor fellow again to try his luck; and he has always at his elbow one of the recruiting squad, to recount some unaccountable story of Mr. Such-a-one, who borrowed a few pounds on the security of his watch, and won all the money on the table.* The poor fellow is credulous, again ventures, and, in a few moments,

* Some of these tales are nevertheless true. Bully At—son absolutely won 500*l.* on a stake of 5*s.*, and was going out, when the proprietor said—"Take these (five five-pound notes) with you;" he staked 25*l.* against them—lost—doubled—ditto—and ultimately borrowed 2*s.* 6*d.* to pay his coach home.

loses his last stake. When it is considered that his means are exhausted, and he neglects to redeem his pledges in a few days, he is deemed completely plucked, and is refused admittance, unless he is base enough to consent to introduce some candidate who is *flush* (to use Tommy Roundhead's words), in which case he is enrolled on the recruiting service, and is paid in proportion to the ruin he entails on those who may be weak enough to be deluded by him. The notorious Mr. B——f——d, of place-selling notoriety, is on the list of the establishment.

The bank can at first sight detect a forged note, being adepts in that science; yet, it is very strange how many forged notes are received by the punters; and if they attempt to return them, they are threatened with exposure.

The best evidence that *rouge et noir* is a game it is impossible to win at, if persons continue to play, is, that no noted gambler, none of those who are, to use a sporting term, *wide awake*, ever play that game; those who are in the secret, play only at hazard.

On the subject of hazard, Mr. E., a gentleman well known at Grub's, Mother H's., &c., &c., declared in our presence (taking us of course for members of the fraternity who practised in another quarter), that if he could persuade a gentleman to sit down with him to play hazard, who possessed 1000*l.*, and he himself was only in possession of 20*l.*, that he could win the 1000*l.* in the course of a night's play, by securing (*i.e.* palming one die, and securing that to answer his purpose, when exposed on the table). We remember on one occasion his going to B——t's, a notoriously low hell, that we have before mentioned, without a penny in his

pocket; he seated himself next a gentleman who had a considerable sum of money before him, and a good many silver pieces, value half-a-crown each, which are used at play. E. handed the gentleman his snuff-box, and extracted two pieces from under his elbow, which he threw on the table, called for the last caster to pass the box, and challenged the gentleman to set the two pieces he had stolen. The challenge was accepted, and E. won 25*l.* in about half an hour; he then counted his money, and said, with the utmost *nonchalance*, I must have used two of your pieces by mistake, and returned the amount, on which he had built his night's fortune; this was not done from any motive of honesty, but merely as a matter of policy, as he could not tell but some of the idlers round the table might have witnessed the transaction, and in that case they would have been entitled to a share of his winnings. These kind of gentlemen are designated, by the initiated, men that *live at the best*; that is, that no matter where they may be, or with whom they come in contact, the system is invariably to get the best of every body. They visit every public house that is opened by a new landlord, particularly if the man has not been in the trade before; if, in the hurry of business, the landlord or waiter should be in doubt, from whom he received a sovereign to change, one of these worthies will claim it; they are invariably well dressed, sometimes go about in pairs, at others, five and six of them together; the phrase they use, is, that they are out *flat catching*.* Some of them

* A young man who was connected with 15, Bury Street, about two years ago, but who is now a member of Drury Lane

enjoy annuities from the hells, by way of hush-money, to prevent criminal informations, &c. Mr. D., a tall fair young man, a friend of E's., is to our knowledge an annuitant, and has been so for the last four years.

The public can form no idea of the extraordinary extent, and immense schemes that are entered into, and executed, by that class of individuals termed "playmen." It is a fact, and we challenge the world to disprove it, that on some occasions two years are occupied in getting a man of fortune in their toils. A journey to Newcastle or Scotland is thought nothing of, and three or four months is employed in the neighbourhood where the intended victim resides. Perhaps two or more go down on the spec, provided with a dashing turn-out, and every thing to correspond; with such an appearance, an introduction, and particularly in the country, is easily managed; play is proposed, perhaps by the victim himself, and no matter what game, by means of confederacy they can have the best; but that is frequently not the object, for the flat fish is often a winner of two or three hundred, and is invited to town, to see the London lions, when the plunder commences. The mode of living which these heartless wretches enjoy—the style—the luxury—can only be credited by those who have witnessed it.

To enumerate the number of modes by which the unsuspecting are plundered at the different receptacles for the votaries of pleasure and dissi-

theatre, started with a small capital of about 25*l*. on this business, and, on the second night, fell in with an old hand, and lost every shilling, besides suffering the mortification of being heartily laughed at.

pation, would fill a much larger volume than the one now laid before the public. The following, however, are the most frequently practised, and we hope that our book will have the effect of preventing men being led, under any circumstances, into games, wagers, &c. with those whom they casually meet; and with whose pursuits in life they are unacquainted.

“*Gaffing*” (tossing); this is brought by the adepts to a complete certainty. If you put any coin on the table, sufficiently loud for one of these fellows to hear the sound, they can instantly tell what is uppermost: when it happens to be their turn to toss, and you to cry to them, they hold two pieces in their hands, one with a head on each side, and the other with a figure of Britannia on each side; this they manage so dexterously, that detection is next to impossible, and of course they produce what best answers their purpose. The following extract, which may be implicitly relied on, demands a place here:—“There is a game now in very great vogue amongst the *macers*, who congregate nightly at the flash houses—it is called *gaffing*. There is a tall thin man, who laughs a great deal, and whistles Moore’s melodies, and extracts music from a deal table with his elbow and wrist. This fellow is one of the greatest gaffers in the country. When he hides a halfpenny, and a flat cries ‘head’ for 10*l.*, a ‘tail’ is sure to turn up. One of his modes of commanding the turn-up is:—He has a halfpenny with two heads, and a halfpenny with two tails. When he gaffs, he contrives to have both halfpence under his hand, and long practice has enabled him to catch up in the wrinkles or muscles of it the halfpenny, which it is his in-

terest to conceal. If 'head' is called 'tail' appears, and the tail halfpenny runs down his wrist with astonishing facility. This ingenious fellow has often won 200 or 300 sovereigns in the course of a night by gaffing; but the landlord, and other men who are privy to the robbery, and 'pitch the baby card' (encourage the loser by sham betting), always come in for the 'regulars' (their share of the plunder). This adept, to whom we have here particularly alluded, has contrived to bilk all the turnpikes in the kingdom. In going to a fight, or to a race-course, when he reaches a turnpike, he holds a shilling between his fingers, and says to the gate-keeper—'Here, catch,' and makes a movement towards the man, who endeavours to catch what he sees. The shilling, however, by a backward jerk, runs down the sleeve of the coat, as if it had life in it, and the gatekeeper turns round to look in the dust, when the tall '*gaffer*' drives on, saying 'keep the change.'"

A young fellow who was formerly a marker at a billiard table, and who has the appearance of a soft inexperienced country lad, is another great hand at gaffing. There is a strong adhesive power in his hand, and such exquisite sensibility about it, that he can ascertain, by dropping his palm, even upon a worn out halfpenny or a shilling, what side is turned up; indeed, so perfect a master is he in the science, that Breslaw could never have done more upon cards, than he can do with a pair of *grays* (gaffing coins). A well known macer, who is celebrated for slipping an "old gentleman" (a long card) into the pack, and is the inheritor by birth of all propensities of this description, although the inheritance is equally

divided between his brother and himself, got hold, a short time ago, of a young fellow, who had 170*l.* in his pocket, and introduced him to one of the "cock and hen" houses near Drury Lane theatre, well primed with wine. Gaffing was introduced, and the billiard marker was pitched upon to *do* the stranger. The macer "pitched the baby card," and of course lost as well as the unfortunate victim. He had borrowed 10*l.* of the landlord, who was to come in for the "regulars;" but when all was over, the billiard marker refused to make any division of the spoil, or even to return the 10*l.*, which had been lost to him in "*bearing up*" the cull. The landlord pressed his demand upon the macer, who, in fact, was privately reimbursed by the billiard marker; but he was coolly told, that he ought not to allow such improper practices in his house, and that the sum was not recoverable, the transaction being illegal. The manner in which the "gaffing system" is carried on may be judged from the fact, that, in one of those abominable places, 116 sovereigns have been lost, by means of double headed and double tailed halfpence, in a single toss.

It is incompatible with our purpose, and far beyond our limits, to describe the many games by which men may be robbed; it will be sufficient thus to point out a few amongst the most conspicuous of them. Games of *real skill* gamblers seldom, if ever, play; at whist, for instance, a black-leg will not play, unless three are of his party, and then the *one* is sold by his partner. A gambler will not play *chess* at any price. If you suspect your man of having loaded dice, when throwing, ask him to play

c

a reverse (*i. e.*, the *lowest* dies to win); if he refuses he has been robbing you.

Let us now proceed to describe the well known game of *une, deux, cinq* (*i. e.* one, two, five), which is a standard game at the different race-courses, as well as at the hells in London. This game alone is found sufficiently profitable to support five or six fellows in luxury, notwithstanding the sums it must cost them in travelling expenses, paying for stands or booths on the course, and occasionally taking handsome furnished houses, by the week or month, as may best suit their views. The game is played with an ivory ball, with nine blue, eighteen red, and twenty-seven black spots upon it; three of the black, two of the red, and one of the blue, have a gold bar across the spot. These bars are the banker's chances, and are placed on with gum-water, and can be put on or taken off at pleasure.

The player stakes his money on any of the three colours he may choose, and the individual who presides, having demanded of the players if they have made their game, forces the ball up a sort of spout, it bounds back into a kind of well, and when it stops, whatever colour is uppermost wins. If black wins, the banker pays an equal sum to the amount staked on that colour, and draws the rest; if red wins, twice the amount staked is paid by the banker to the players on that colour, and he takes to himself the sums that have been hazarded on black and blue: if blue wins, he pays five times the monies betted on that colour, and draws all the cash sported on the others.

The robberies at this game are effected by having

unfair balls. At No. 55, Pall Mall, about five years ago, a party got up this game, and a celebrated sporting attorney was at the head of the concern; vast sums were won nightly, until, all on a sudden, the colour black became an immense favourite with the players, and the bank lost 3 or 400*l.* for two or three nights running. A council was called to divine the cause, and, on inspecting the ball, it was discovered that one of the red spots had been blacked over by some ingenious gambler, and thus making the odds much greater on black; that colour, of course, having more than its complement of spots, most frequently came up, and the players backed it accordingly. The gamester contrived, by this trick, to bring himself home. After this, the ball was always carefully locked up.

Roulette and *E. O.* demand no particular description, being modifications of the game just described. It is necessary our readers should bear in mind, that, if played *fairly*, the *odds* are in favour of the bank, and that even gamblers themselves admit it. For instance, in *roulette*, which is a multiplication of the *une* and *chances*, there are thirty-six numbers, and you put your money on either, the chances being thirty-six to one against you; if you win, you only receive *thirty-two* times your stake, therefore, four chances go to the bank on the fair game.

At *rouge et noir* the punter has a right to demand to shuffle the cards, but it is never done; so at *roulette*, or *une*, &c. you ought to demand to throw the ball.

At *roulette* tables there are always plenty of persons who, if they see a man merely looking on,

will tempt him into play, by saying—"Sir, I have been unfortunate, will you play a coup or two for me." The person consents, and the black-leg gives him two or three half-crowns to play; if he wins (and that is generally managed), he naturally thinks he might have done as much for himself, and, despite of his resolution, begins to gamble.

If all these schemes fail, they will come to a wrangle, or pick your pocket. Mr. W. B——, a well known public character, was robbed in this way; he had the resolution to return, and locking the door, accused the company of the theft. After some attempts to bully him, the croupier took a light, and pretended to find the book under the table.

To convince our readers of the dangers they subject themselves to in this great city, we will lay before them the following narrative, for the correctness of which we pledge ourselves:—At a respectable tavern in the city, a number of merchants, stock-brokers, &c. used, about five or six years ago, nightly to congregate, for the purpose of passing their evenings in playing their favourite games. The principal waiter invariably found the cards, and he produced them with the wrapper, stamp, &c. bearing the appearance of never having been opened; but, by the following method, this worthy opened the packs, and cut the edges of the cards with a machine in such a way, that the party who frequented the room, for the laudable purpose of fleecing his friends, could (being in the secret) win when they pleased. This individual was never suspected, but was considered remarkably lucky, and attained the appellation of "lucky Bob." The following is the process:

"Take warm water and a sponge, with the sponge make the stamp quite wet, and in about ten minutes the stamp, which is put on with gum water, will come off easily, until the string and the cards will fall out, without altering the shape of the wrapper." He could then cut or mark the cards as agreed, replace them carefully, and put on the stamp as before with gum water. For years this plan was carried on, and the waiter now keeps his country house; and four months ago gave 250 guineas for what he terms his "slap up turn out," (*i.e.* handsome cabriolet, with a blood chesnut mare, 15 hands 3 inches, harness, &c.)

BLIND HAZARD, BETTER KNOWN BY THE NAME OF BLIND HOOKEY.

This game, which is constantly called into requisition when a set of sharpers get amongst monied flats, is well known. The mode of cheating is by the use of convex and concave packs of cards, by which means the sharper can cut what card will best answer his purpose. It was at this game that Weare robbed Thurtell of 300*l.*, at the Brown Bear, Bow Street. The events on this game are so quick, and money so immediately changes its owners, that it is particularly calculated to excite the player to continue staking, whilst he possesses the ability to do so. The following is a clear, although short description of the game:—

After cutting for deal, and shuffling, the dealer cuts the pack into five parcels; the fifth parcel is then put at the top of either of the others; then one of the players cuts a parcel off any of the fourth, and this fifth is called the "dealer's parcel." Upon the

four lots of cards, the persons playing place their "blunt," the dealer then turns up his parcel, and if an ace, he takes all the money—if any other card, then the others turn up; if they (or any one of them) turn up higher cards than the dealer, then he pays whatever sum the players put upon their cards; if the other cards turned up are *lower* than the dealer's, he wins—or if they are the same, he wins!

It will be seen that the odds are materially in favour of the dealer, if the game is fairly played; but when cards are secreted and substituted, then odds are fifty to one in favour of the "downy ones."

Judge Ashurst spoke so ably, and so strongly, upon the subject of gambling, on passing sentence on Miller, that we cannot do better than extract his remarks. He said, after reprobating him for treating his offence lightly—

"Whoever weighs this *crime* in the *scale of sober reasoning*, will think very *differently* on the subject; I do not hesitate to say, that *this crime of gaming*, which you have made your *trade and business* to encourage, is a crime of *greater enormity*, and of more *destructive consequences* to society, than many which the laws of the country have made *capital*. What is the crime of *stealing a sheep*, or *picking a pocket* of a handkerchief, when placed in competition with this *crime*, traced through all its consequences? With regard to those in the *higher walks* of life, experience tells us it often leads to *self-murder*, and *duelling* about gaming debts, which terminates in the *total ruin* of families once opulent, and reduces to beggary their innocent and helpless children; and as for those in a *lower sphere of life*,

when they have lost their money, they often betake themselves to *house-breaking* and the *highway*, in order to replenish their coffers, and at last *often end their lives* by the *hand of justice*.

“This is the *short history* of this *destructive vice*. But if it does not happen to lead absolutely to these destructive consequences, yet the *ravages* it makes in the *minds* of those who are thoroughly tainted with it, is enough to *fill the soul of every* thinking man *with horror*! It *hardens the heart*, and extinguishes every *generous principle* in the minds of those that are addicted to it. It *obliterates* all traces of *friendship*—for how can that society deserve the name of *friendship*, when men only *meet to plan each other's* ruin and destruction? It *estranges* those that are guilty of it *from the society of their own families*, which ought to be the seat of their happiness, and fixes all their attention on the capricious chance of a card or a dice! A strange employment this for *rational men*, who were sent into the world for *far nobler ends* and purposes. Is this the soil where the seeds of *genuine patriotism* can be expected to *expand* and *flourish*? Can the heart of that man ever *feel* for the *distresses* of his fellow-creatures, which is *fixed* only on the *sordid love of gain*?

“I wish the world could be prevailed upon to see *this vice* stripped of its *robe of fashion*, and they would be struck with *horror* at the sight of its *native deformity*.”

If what we have already said, be not sufficient to guard the reader from entering these portals of horror—if the certainty of being robbed—of becoming the associates of the worst description of characters—of having these locusts tracking him even

to his own threshold—if all these things be not enough to deter him from entering these fatal resorts, let him remember that he endangers his personal liberty by so doing. Any person found gambling at one of these houses,* is liable to be committed as

* The reader's memory will probably supply him with instances, where the police have entered by force, and taken into custody all persons found in one of these houses: we remember seeing thirty tradesmen, amongst other persons, thus paraded through the public streets. The following account of the seizure made at No. 10, King Street, St. James's, on the 8th of September, 1822, will more fully elucidate the power of the law in this respect, than any thing we can urge: "A regular information having been laid before the magistrates at this office, its execution was entrusted to Salmon, Ruthven, Smith, Purton, Nicholls, Perry, Lock, and other officers, who have been, for several nights, engaged in watching the premises, and laying their plans for an 'agreeable surprise.' All efforts to obtain admission by stratagem having proved fruitless, it was at length determined to take the citadel by a *coup de main*; and, on Friday night, the preliminaries having been previously arranged, the assailants arrived at their respective posts. Several of the friends of the garrison were seen to enter, but they were admitted with such extraordinary caution, that there offered no chance of entrance under that disguise. At last one of the officers gave a sort of familiar tap at the postern, in the hope that it might be opened without suspicion; but the sentinel was too precise in the performance of his duty to permit this to avail. It is true the door was opened, but then an envious chain forbade further advance without due inspection, and the first peep at the visage of the obtruder at once created the alarm of 'an enemy.' The preconcerted signals for such a chance were immediately given, upon which the whole body of the assailants advanced to the attack, and by main force broke the chain in fragments. By this, however, they only surmounted one of the difficulties. There were still two doors to pass, one of which was soon demolished; but the third, which was securely fastened by iron bars, resisted all the force which was applied to it. While the attack was at the hottest, Purton, one of the patrol, more

a vagrant to Brixton ; surely a respectable man cannot be so lost, so infatuated, to this baneful vice,

cunning than his comrades, called off two of the force, and descending into the area with an iron crow, with which he was prepared, forced open the kitchen door, which had been strongly bolted within. Followed by his companions, he instantly advanced ; and putting aside some of the fair sex who attempted to interpose, and whose screams operated as a sort of bugle for sounding a retreat to those who were above, he rushed up stairs into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the fortress, which was on the first floor. Here he found a *rouge et noir* table, and one solitary gentleman apparently reading a newspaper perfectly at his ease ; the cards, the money, and all the *et cetera* of play, however, had been removed, and for this, from the delay which had taken place in forcing an entrance, ample time had been allowed. The other officers were then admitted, and a general search commenced for the members of the garrison, whose sudden disappearance could not be accounted for. This search proved most successful, and, on mustering the prisoners, five and twenty of all descriptions, great and small, old and young, Englishmen as well as foreigners, were secured. Some of these had been found in the beds, some under the beds, some up the chimneys, some in the back yard, and some half metamorphosed into servant maids, having endeavoured to disguise themselves in the female attire which they found in the house. They all appeared trembling under the terrors of exposure, and a few of them offered large bribes to be permitted to escape. It was all in vain, however, and they were conducted in due form to the watchhouse, where they remained all night. One of the corps escaped altogether, although at the expense of a night's lodging on the roof of the house. Purton endeavoured to secure him, but he escaped his grasp, and did not descend till daylight, when he saw the coast was clear.

"On Saturday morning, the office, in Bow Street, was crowded by the friends of the incarcerated, while the street in front was filled with groups of persons attracted by the novelty of the scene.

"*Mr. Minshull*, who presided, called on the case, and the officers were despatched to bring in their prisoners. In a few seconds the group were marched into the office in single files,

as to risk all these dangers, these sufferings, and these exposures for its gratification.

and placed in front of the magistrate. Their countenances betrayed the strong anxiety of their minds, and being desirous of concealing their features, there was rather a ludicrous scramble to see who should be able to get farthest from observation ; and it would seem that their alarm was not altogether without foundation, for, by the Act of last Sessions respecting vagrants, it is provided, ' That all persons found playing at unlawful games shall be deemed rogues and vagabonds, and be subject to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.' The terrors of Coldbath-fields, and the rotatory wheel, therefore, stared them full in the face.

" Smith, the officer, to whom the warrant had been directed, was then examined. He stated, that between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock the preceding night, he went to the house of No. 10, King Street, St. James's, and demanded admission. This was refused, and an alarm was given up stairs by knocking. After some time, he and his brother officers got in by force, and on going up stairs, they found a gentleman sitting in a room reading a newspaper. There was a table in the room which had evidently been used for playing the game of '*rouge et noir*.' It was covered with a cloth with red and black divisions. [The cloth was produced.] He also found some cards which were marked with holes, and which were used in marking the chances of the game.

" George Ruthven also deposed to what he had seen : he had no doubt the articles produced were used in playing the game of *rouge et noir*. He had seen it played.

" In answer to a question from Mr. Minshull, the officers denied that they knew the person who kept the house, although they believed it to be a man of the name of Davis.

" Mr. Minshull. Can any body say that these parties were assembled in the house in question, for the purpose of playing at an unlawful game ?

" The officers said they had no doubt they had assembled for the purposes of play.

" Mr. Alley submitted, that the belief of the officers was nothing, unless proofs were adduced that the parties had actually been playing. This had been decided in a case before Lord Kenyon. Mr. Alley here made some observations on the con-

FLASH HOUSES, AND THEIR FREQUENTERS.

In the account of the variety of deceptions by which the visitors of flash houses, oyster-shops, and coffee-shops, contrive to "draw" any young man of fortune, or any clerk or shopman, whom they induce to rob his master, it is difficult to speak with accuracy, without exciting a feeling very different from that which, in such cases, ought to absorb every other. Some of them sham the man of birth, education, and fortune; others the simple countryman; and others the buffoon and devil-may-care sort of fellows. They are excellent actors of their several characters, and each would cut his brother in iniquity's throat for a sovereign, if the punishment of

duct of the officers, in dragging two children from a bed, and otherwise misconducting themselves; but this charge appeared to have originated in a mistake, and the prisoners acknowledged that the officers had behaved most correctly.

"*Mr. Minshull.* Give me the Vagrant Act; I will see whether these gentlemen come under the provisions of this act.

"*Mr. Alley* submitted, that *rouge et noir* was not an unlawful game, and consequently could not come within the purview of that act.

"*Mr. Minshull.* This act provides, 'That any person found playing or betting at any unlawful game, shall be considered as a rogue and vagabond.' The punishment is hard labour for three months in the House of Correction.

"*Mr. Alley.* At present there is no proof of playing at any game, lawful or unlawful, or unlawful betting.

"*Mr. Minshull,* after some consideration, said, that under all the circumstances of the case, as the informer had not come forward, and as there was no proof of the parties found in the house having been actually playing or betting, he felt himself bound to dismiss them.

"The prisoners retired amidst the congratulations of their friends."

death for so doing could be avoided. Such is their love of following their infamous practices, that they would rob a poor wretch of 6*d.*, although their pockets were laden with cash. The "gaffer," of whom we have just spoken, is, perhaps, more like a human being than any of them. He has occasionally given a trifle to the unfortunates he has assisted in begging, whilst others have sneered at the entreating victim, and advised the unfortunate gull to hang or drown himself, as he must be a burden to himself, and a bore to others.

Flash houses are infamous public-houses, though annually licenced like the most respectable ones. These houses are now closed at twelve o'clock; but it has been judiciously and truly said, that they are shut without but not within. No doubt the doors of the flash cribs are all shut at a certain hour, but how often are they opened afterwards to strings of thieves, of both sexes, as well as to officers? What magic is there in the voice of the watchman, who knocks with his staff, and says—"All's right, it's only *me*."

Informers have great privileges in police offices. An informer goes to Bow Street, and applies for and obtains a summons, requiring the owner of a flash house to attend, and answer for admitting customers after seasonable hours. The time for hearing the case arrives, but no informer appears. The magistrate is told that no person stands forward against the *cove of the ken*—that being the phraseology by which they denote the landlord of a house. His worship shakes his head, and says—"Ah! I see how this is—we know what has caused this;" and then dismisses the accused without any comment on

the subject. He knows that the informer has been paid to withdraw his evidence, and yet, when that same fellow, who has been bribed to absent himself, applies for a warrant against another publican who would not compromise, a summons is instantly granted, and the case proceeded in, as if the veracity of such a villain was to be depended upon.

The publican who does not harbour prostitutes or thieves, becomes thus the victim of a law, aimed only at those who do keep open house for the reception of such characters.

It is notorious that the informers are paid by publicans who are interested in stopping their mouths (technically called *stashing* their *gag*), and that, when the money is given, the moiety of the fine, that should go elsewhere, drops into the pocket of the fellow who professes to do justice to the public.

About four or five pounds administered every year, operates as a sleeping dose to the watchful powers of the informer, and the flash crib is unmolested.

If a stranger happens to be in one of the delicate *consarns* in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, after Act of Parliament hours, and is told that the person taking a go of gin at the bar is an informer, he naturally asks the landlord why he is so mad as to admit such a dangerous fellow? "Dangerous," says the publican, "pooh! he and I understand one another. If he *peached* against me, it would be lots of blunt out of his pocket, besides his little drops whenever he likes to come in."

Receivers of stolen goods are always in droves about the police offices. These gentlemen also have their privileges. An interchange of civilities takes place between them and the officers who are willing

to smoke a pipe, crack a bottle and a joke with them and the proprietors of houses of accommodation for both sexes, of all ages—the owners of gaming houses—and those respectable thieves, who disdain to do a dirty action, but plunder when some character is to be got by the achievement, for which they may be, if not scragged for death, at all events lagged for life.

There is a low public house close by Bow Street office, where these ruffians sit all day long. A stranger looking in, sees them playing cribbage, and smoking and drinking, and might, perhaps, suppose they had snatched an hour for relaxation from the labours of their several trades. What is the fact? Why, that they sit there *every day*, from morning till night, waiting for the arrival of their *nose* (a fellow deputed to pick up news of robberies); the moment a thief is brought up to the office, away they scamper, and watch the examination, and ascertain by the thief's known connexion (*i.e. known to them*) whether any of the *swag* can be got before it is brought forward in judgment.

When a large robbery is committed, these fellows know it. Some act as touters, that is, they take the things from the thief whilst he makes off; when the thief is taken, they bowl to the fence and give notice, so that it may be removed away to some other place.

The notorious Reuben Josephs was a frequenter of the house to which we allude, till, being himself wanted, he could *bear* it no longer; Ikey Solomons was also a supporter of that house which has brought so many to their *graves*.

The police say, in defence of their practice of as-

sociating with thieves, and receivers, that stolen property could not be recovered if such a connexion were not kept up, the meaning of which is, that if the hostility which must exist between an honest officer and a rogue be acted upon, all chance of participation is at an end, the officer must lose his perquisite of hush-money and *blind swag* (i.e. cash for not seeing delinquents), and the thief and receiver must run a thousand hazards, which at present, from this unnatural compact, they never know.

It is an insult to common sense to say, the public protection requires a connexion between the party that apprehends and the party that is to be apprehended; even reptiles like these have some feelings of like and dislike, the operations of which tend to mar the ends of justice; the public must be most benefited when the thief-taker is independent of, and a stranger to, the wretch he is employed to hunt.

PAWNBROKERS, AND THEIR LOCUSTS.

The poor pawnbrokers have long had a system of *dropping* tickets, and the finders generally have curiosity enough to see if the article be worth taking out; to see it they must pay *the interest*—this is one gain; and if the article looks well, the chances are that it is redeemed, considering, if it pawns for so much, it must be *worth more*. One pawnbroker in Surrey employed two lads to drop tickets in public houses, coffee-rooms, &c. &c. and many an aurean ore watch has been thus got rid of, for 5*l.* and 6*l.* though really not worth one. If these men, however, live by frauds on the public, a portion of that public live by frauds on them; tailors buy moth

eaten cloth, and make up coats, which they pawn *at night* for 30s. or 35s., they then sell the ticket to some one, who perhaps takes it out; if not, at the end of the twelvemonth, the pawnbroker discovers that the moth holes, imperceptible when first brought, have now so much increased, as to render the coat ragged and useless. An adventurer at Paris had a specimen of white wax cakes, and agreed for a sum for a waggon load, and pawned them; when the time expired it was found, that, except two or three dozen, they were blocks of wood, covered with thin coats of wax.

Young E—— went round the trade with an elegant chain, which they would lend just 5*l.* 10*s.* on (for they have a rule with regard to gold, that reduces it to a certainty). He would ask six guineas, and when refused, take it up as if going—then suddenly turn round, and throw down a petit ore chain, so like it, as to deceive the nicest eye; the jeweller having *previously* tried it with aquafortis, and weighed it, does not think of repeating this operation, and lends 5*l.* 10*s.* on a chain, which, a year afterwards, he discovers will not fetch 15*s.* E. had five hundred of these counterfeit chains, and got rid of them all in London and the country.

A foreigner, who resided in Golden Square, had some medals of Napoleon, made of zinc, covered with a plate of gold; the plating was equal to what gold would have been; and, to prevent injury to the die, the aquæ was always tried on the edge, where the plate was thickest. He got seven guineas a piece on these medals, and scarcely a pawnbroker in the trade escaped him.

Old coats are subjected to a scouring with potash

water, and the nap is then reproduced by a wire brush; these things when pressed look like new, and are pawned at night, especially where there are only boys in the shop. Old L——i keeps several persons employed in reviving clothes for this purpose, whom he facetiously calls his *resurrection* men.

Sealing up boxes containing jewellery, and changing them, is a stale device.

H——d was connected with a gang, who *did* the trade as follows:—One disguised, pawned a gold watch, chain, and seals, value about 4*l.*, for 2*l.*; at the same moment, H——d, or some of the gang, gave information at some obscure office (Queen Square, for instance) of a robbery, and a printed handbill was circulated. The pawnbroker was sent to, who, on the oath of the owner, was forced to give it up without compensation. By this trick hundreds were realized.

AUCTIONS AND BOUNCERS, HORSE-DEALERS, &c., &c.

The principle of auction selling is, that the article be put up at what it is *actually worth* at least; it is only sold on an advance, which, however small, must be a profit. In mock auctions the goods are always made for sale and not for use. Egyptian ore seals, which look like gold at night, are commonly sold for two guineas, though not worth more than as many shillings. The knives sold by boys about the streets, are always much better than those sold at these places. At Birmingham one man received an order for a thousand dozen sporting knives for auctions: they were made accordingly, of common

iron polished, damaged horn, &c. &c. at about 4s. per dozen, and sold at these auctions for 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. each, more or less, according to the acuteness of the purchasers. Occasionally a cheap lot may be bought at even mock auctions, but then, depend upon it, they are stolen goods. We know the morality of some minds will not lead them to inquire into this fact, but when they are reminded that this is dangerous as well as unjust, they will, perhaps, desist.

I——d has existed many years by getting his bills discounted by upholsterers, glass manufacturers, shoemakers, chinamen, linen-drappers, &c. taking half money, and the rest in goods. The goods are then conveyed to a fence,* and from thence to these auctions, where they may, perhaps, be sold cheap, if the proprietors of the rooms are in want of cash, but in general *they* can afford to lie out of their money; they give a small sum to the fraudulent owner, and then sell the goods by auction, *putting them* up at the price you could buy them in the shops, and, of course, selling at a heavier price.

Mock auctions always sell their goods at night, for, by candlelight, flaws in silks, calicoes glazed up to imitate linen, &c. &c. would deceive any eye. Old tea-caddies are rubbed with French polish,† and sold for new.

* A place for stolen goods, or things obtained by fraud.

† L——, the upholsterer, had to value a bankrupt's stock, which it was the interest of both to undervalue, and buy in; they were new goods, French polished, which warm water will not stain—*port wine*, however, will. L. knew this, and got the bankrupt to mark his tables, &c. with it, they then appeared dull and old, and the assignees let L. take them at his own price.

To elucidate the subject of living in London, it is necessary to remark, that those who live by robbing their fellow-creatures, are robbed, in turn, by fellows more despicable, and less fortunate than themselves. Indeed, this system may be compared to that of animal nature, where the wolf, that exists by devouring lambs, is, in his turn, preyed upon and devoured by the *vermin* that infest him.

At the wine auctions, it is usual to provide bread and cheese, which is thought to enhance the flavour, of port in particular. Several well dressed vagabonds go daily from auction to auction, and even to wine merchants' houses, tasting the wine, and devouring the bread and cheese, though they never order a single bottle, or bid for a dozen.

A swindler of this class called at a respectable house in York Street, Covent Garden, and, representing himself as Spring Rice, M.P., requested to taste some raspberry whiskey. The request was, of course, complied with, and the imaginary member ordered a large quantity to be sent to his residence, at the same time expressing his wish to taste some in water, for which purpose he was, on his own suggestion, conducted to a private apartment; there the *soi disant* Spring Rice consumed the best part of a bottle, and became so elevated, as to attract the attention of the spirit merchant, whose brother arriving at that moment, was told of the unparliamentary conduct of the presumed M.P. The brother, who knew Mr. Rice personally, peeped into the room, and detected the imposture. The drunken vagabond was destitute of money, and was conveyed with extraordinary facility into the adjacent kennel; taking umbrage at this treatment, he created

a disturbance, and was ultimately conveyed to Bow Street.

A vast number of men go on the run, or bounce, to taverns, coffee-rooms, chop-houses, &c. The plan is, after having taken an inordinate quantity of refreshment (for these fellows never restrain themselves within the bounds of prudence), to get down stairs under some pretence, and run; but if this is not practicable, they call the landlord, say they have unfortunately lost their pocket-book, purse, &c.; but, presenting a card, beg him to send thither for the amount, with 3s. for the waiter's trouble. This trick, from the gentlemanly exterior of those who practise it, seldom fails; but if it does, they "go on the bounce," that is, boldly declare they have no money, and do not mean to pay. It has been once or twice decided that refreshment furnished, is only a simple contract debt, and though, in some cases, magistrates have extended their protection to tavern-keepers, yet, generally, these fellows get discharged with an admonition, and the landlord is left to his remedy of summoning the scoundrel for the amount. In several cases these rascals have had the temerity to threaten actions for false imprisonment, after having been sent to the watchhouse on one of these charges, and there are plenty of attorneys to be met with, who, in the hopes of getting their costs, will undertake the case.

These kind of persons are generally in confederacies or gangs. By one of them the following ingenious trick was lately practised:—Two fellows came, one after the other, into the tap-room of a public-house in the Kent Road, close by the side of the canal; one ordered a pint of porter, the other a

glass of gin and water. The first drank his beer, then left the house, going down by the side of the canal; he had not been gone more than a minute, when the other fellow called to the landlord, and said—"That chap has stole the pot he was drinking out of, let's come after him." The landlord thanked his customer, and they both ran after the pot-stealer for about half a mile, where the place is excessively solitary; he there stopped, and the instant the landlord seized him, his accomplice clapped a pistol to the publican's head; they jointly robbed him, and escaped across the fields.

During a sojourn in the country we were made acquainted with the following infamous fraud, that was practised on the family of a gentleman of large property, who died suddenly. The fraud we allude to was, as all extensive frauds are, effected by means of confederacy, under the following circumstances:—The family of the deceased gentleman, determining to leave a spot where every object reminded them of the loss they had sustained, employed an auctioneer to sell off the family stock, stud, household furniture, carts, carriages, in fact, every thing but plate and linen, and Mr. Auctioneer was busied, for several days, taking an inventory, preparatory to publishing the catalogue of the effects for sale. In the course of his overhauling, he (and his assistant sprites) contrived to make every article of furniture appear to the worst advantage; of course, his employers, absorbed in grief, did not observe his conduct; and, on the morning of the sale, having placed odd wheels on the carriages, and run a sharp instrument half an inch long into the frog of the feet of two of the most valuable horses, which, although it

did them no ultimate injury, made them appear lame at the time of the sale, and practising a variety of tricks upon the rest of the inhabitants of the stable, he mounted his pulpit, and commenced selling—but not until his brother conspirators were prepared to bid, for certain lots, a given sum. By the showing of these lots (from the tricks that had been practised), no one would bid any thing near their value; and thus 1400*l.* was netted by the projectors and executors of a scheme, that has, doubtless, had many imitators.

DUFFERS, &c.

While lotteries lasted, little goes, being lotteries on a small scale, also existed in despite of the efforts of the law to suppress them; indeed, whenever there is a nefarious concern on a large scale, small ones on the same principle will be found. These petty rogues are often, from their necessities, more daring than their wealthier prototypes. Besides the mock auctioneers to whom we have alluded, a set of perambulating auctioneers exist; these fellows are called duffers. Almost all London has heard of a creature of the name of Bowers, who has been taken up on charges of fraud. The principle by which these men prey on the credulity of the unsuspecting of both sexes, is, by plying at the corners of the streets, courts, and alleys, to vend their contraband wares, which generally consist of silk handkerchiefs made in Spitalfields; remnants of silk purchased at the piece-brokers, which they tell you are true India; stockings from Rag Fair or Field Lane, sometimes stolen, sometimes bought at a very low price, which they declare are just smuggled from France, and therefore can afford

you a bargain if you will become a purchaser ; and, in order to induce you to buy, they present you with a real India handkerchief, or a pair of French silk stockings to look at, the more artfully to draw your attention to their discourse ; which having obtained, they desire you to step with them aside for fear of being observed by any of the revenue officers, who would seize their property. Then they take you to a bye place, unfrequented by company, and open their goods for your choice ; should you chance to buy, it is ten to one if you get the commodity bargained for, unless you give a very extravagant price indeed. The method they use to elude your attention is, by wrapping up the article in a piece of paper, and putting another of inferior value in its room, which they give you, and you put it into your pocket, without suspecting the cheat, till you get home, when you become sensible of your error too late to retrieve your loss.

Should you give them money to change, they tell you they will only step to the public-house and get it changed, and come again in an instant. You see them enter the house, but not returning in a reasonable time, you find, on inquiry, they have escaped from you at a back-door, to your loss and mortification.

But this is only one amongst the many tricks, they frequently resort to brutal violence, and it is not an uncommon occurrence, that, whilst you are bargaining with one of the fellows, his confederate picks your pocket, which, when you complain of, the *dealer* immediately declares to be false, and says he believes you want to swindle him out of his goods, frequently following this assertion with an offer of

thrashing you for your rascality, or the threat of taking you before a magistrate. Many individuals have been so terrified at the idea of such an exposure, that they have been glad to make their escape, and quietly put up with their loss.

A jew, named Maddocks, was some few months since proceeded against on a variety of charges, and a short account of his depredations may serve to warn the reader against the whole fraternity. He was first charged with obtaining ten guineas from the Hon. Brooke Greville, of Lower Grosvenor Street, by selling him two silk shawls, which he pretended were articles of foreign manufacture—viz., one Cashmere, and the other Indian. The facts elicited were these:—Lord Belgrave and the Hon. Brooke Greville came to Marlborough Street, and the latter informed Mr. Roe, the magistrate, that a man, having the appearance of a foreigner, who spoke French fluently, and stated his name to be Jeàn Francaise, and by birth a Frenchman, had been for some weeks going about to the houses of the nobility and gentry, pretending that he was a captain of an Indiaman lying in the river, and that he had in his possession some very costly and valuable shawls of the eastern manufacture, which he had brought with him from India. The Hon. Brooke Greville said, he had purchased two of the shawls for ten guineas, upon the faith of his representations, and particularly from his having said that Lady Blandford Brooke had recommended him (which it subsequently appeared was false). On the day after he made the purchase, he found that one of the shawls was worth eight shillings, and the other about sixteen; and both were of British manufacture, but India patterns. He had discovered also,

that the same man had been at the house of Lord Crew, Lady Kinnoul, and many other persons of distinction, and Lord Crew had given ten guineas for two shawls not worth one pound. The man had imposed upon several others by taking to them the cards of persons of distinction, residing in the same neighbourhood, and stating that he was recommended to call and show his shawls. Lord Belgrave said, that the same man called upon him in Grosvenor Square that morning, and made the same representations to him, and having received information from his friend, Mr. Greville, of the man's frauds, he directed him to call again on Monday, and requested the magistrate to advise what ought to be done?—Mr. Roe said, that he would send an officer to take him into custody.—Ballard, the officer, said, that from the description which Lord Belgrave had given him of the person, he knew him to be a Jew, whom he had had before in custody for offering a shawl and a watch to the family of a noble duke for twenty guineas, which were not worth two pounds.—The Hon. Mr. Greville said the man was not a Jew, but he was a Frenchman, and could not speak a word of English.—Ballard said, that he had no doubt he should teach him the English language in a much shorter time than some of those learned professors who advertise to teach in six lessons; he was confident he should be able to teach him the language in one lesson. The officer, in pursuance of the directions he had received from the magistrate, went to Lord Belgrave's house, and waited there till the arrival of the said French East India captain. When he had untied his pack, and was exhibiting them to Lord Belgrave, the officer en-

tered the room. His lordship had previously asked the man if he could not speak English, and the only reply he could get was, the moment he saw the officer—"It is all up, I am done;" and he begged very hard for forgiveness. On being placed before the magistrate, in the private room, Mr. Greville repeated the statement made by him, and produced the shawls. In addition, the Hon. Gentleman stated, that the prisoner told him his vessel was lying in the docks at an expense of three pounds a day, and that he was selling shawls at less than one-half their value, in consequence of being in want of money to clear the river. He also said that he was going to Brussels immediately.

A respectable silk mercer examined the shawls produced, and said they were worth, one eight shillings, and the other about sixteen.—Mr. Roe asked the prisoner if he had anything to say?—He replied, that he had purchased the shawls of a man who said he was a captain of an Indiaman, and the man had imposed upon him, for he had given him a good price for them.

The schemes of these reptiles, differ of course, according to the degree of ingenuity they severally possess, and the circumstances of each case. Some of them exist solely by this; others make duffing subservient to their purposes of robbery, &c.

We have said that petty thieves are often the most desperate, they are always the most contemptible; many fellows exist by calling, respectably dressed, at houses, after they have watched the owner out. They ask for him, and hearing he is not at home, request leave to write a note; this, from their appearance, is granted without suspicion; they

take an opportunity to send the servant out of the room for a light to seal the letter (generally carrying wax themselves), and, during her absence, pocket any portable articles that may be in the apartment. Others stand in the passage and send the servant up stairs to her mistress with a message; the moment she has turned her back, they steal coats, hats, or any thing that may be left in the hall. Some of these fellows dress in liveries, and, bearing the appearance of gentlemen's servants, are never suspected. But even the hut of misery is not exempted from the depredations of these contemptible villains. Some of them are accustomed to visit various alms-houses, under colour of being employed by the trustees to inspect the buildings, for the purpose of ascertaining what repairs may be needful; and, in the course of their pretended examinations, they take an opportunity of stealing any little valuable article which may come in their way. Some of the aged tenants of the benevolent retreats which these wretches have visited with this infamous design, have formerly occupied respectable stations in life, and probably retain a few relics of value. At the alms-houses near Shoreditch church one poor old woman lost a watch, and another three silver spoons. Similar depredations were committed in the Borough and elsewhere. It would be highly gratifying to see these *surveyors* standing at the bar of a court of justice.

One Simeon, who is now serving his time at Botany Bay, was the inventor of the following plan:—Dressed in a livery, with a large bag filled with clothes, he would enter a shop, followed by an old Jew, a noted receiver of stolen goods, who would importune this Simeon to sell him the clothes con-

tained in the bag, saying he would give 3*l.* for them. Simeon would reply, "I'll not deal with any Jew thieves," and say to the shopkeeper (he generally went to a woman's shop), "I'd rather sell them to a Christian for 3*l.*, than to you for 5*l.* you old thief." Simeon would then purchase some trifling article at the shop, and say—"these clothes are my master's, Lord Dudley and Ward, Earl Grey, (or any other nobleman he thought proper to name), let me leave them here while I step to the sadler's (naming some tradesman known in the neighbourhood), and when I come back, ma'am, perhaps you can tell me where I can find a Christian dealer to buy my master's coats." The instant Simeon had gone, the old Jew would say—"dere's an obstinate fellow, the clothes are worth 10*l.* as dere worth a farthing. If you'll buy 'em of him for 3*l.* or 4*l.*, I'll allow you 10*s.* profit;" and then, leaving a pound as a deposit, he would quit the shop.

The shopkeeper, willing to gain the 10*s.*, fell into the snare. On Simeon's return she bought the clothes of him for 3*l.* or 4*l.*, and it is needless to add, that they were not worth as many shillings, that the Jew never re-appeared, and the pound note he had left was a forgery. This trick has been frequently imitated, and is practised to this day.

HORSE-DEALERS, &c.

There is no vanity so common among men, as that of knowing something of horse flesh: but my worthy, unsuspecting, self-sufficient reader, look before you leap; read what we are enabled, from personal experience, to write. "Buy a horse, do you know what you are liable to?" Why, to purchase a magazine

of diseases in the shape of a horse, an animal afflicted with spasm, speedy-cut, wind gall, corns, broken knees, staggers, gravel, and cancer in the tongue; a roarer that has been eating hay *chops*, that has been blistered in the knees, fired in the hock, or (if deficient in these points) one that has been *stolen*.

It was our lot, about four years ago, to meet a well-bred intelligent young man at Bath, who had (much to his credit) just parted with his employer, who was a fellow that blended the professions of a horse-dealer and an auctioneer. This individual possessed that great gift, an excellent address, and he had, from his love of horses, and his lack of means, been made the dupe of the employer, whom he had left at the time we first met him, having, at that precise period, discovered the nefarious trade in which he was innocently a primary agent. He stated to us that he became acquainted with the dealer and auctioneer above alluded to in Wales, who commenced making a cat's paw of him by asking him to ride any horse he had to sell, as he stated that no person could better "set off" a horse than himself. This flattering unction induced the young gentleman, who possessed an ample portion of vanity, to consent to visit Bath and Bristol, and our auctioneer and horse-dealer furnished the capital for travelling expenses. He always had good-carcased and showy horses: the young fellow knew nothing about a horse, but how to ride one (to use his own words) "*effectively*." It was made known at the inns that he stopped at, that he wanted to part with the animal he rode, and the next morning he would ride about the town and its vicinity. Bath being the resort of the fashionable world, was an excellent spot for a swindler in the

horse line to pitch upon; for every worn-out debauchee thinks that he is, or, at least, looks not more than twenty-three, although, in fact, he will never again see forty-three. These poor sprigs of fashion, and shadows of men, grasp at any thing that opens immediately a field for display; they, of course, think themselves infallible on all subjects, and endeavour to ascertain who the rider is; and, in the course of the inquiry, hearing him represented as a young man of fortune, but in want of money, and wishing, in consequence, to part with his stud, they see this fashionable young man, and examine the horse, while a stable-boy runs it down the yard. After looking wise on a subject of which he is utterly ignorant, the ancient beau pays the cash agreed upon, thinking, of course, he has a bargain, under circumstances, whilst he actually pays three times the value of a horse, which has every frailty that horse flesh is heir to. Our young friend, and new acquaintance, discovered that he had been the means of selling broken-winded, broken-knee'd, spavined, wind-galled, and, in fact, ruined rozinantes, with every complaint under the sun, and immediately quitted this dishonourable course; not, however, before his character had materially suffered. The transaction that first opened his eyes, was the sale of a horse to an honourable member of the House of Commons: the animal's spirit and action made it an object of peculiar attraction in the fashionable city of Bath, but the purchaser ultimately discovered he had purchased a cripple, and immediately taxed the seller with the fraud that had been practised upon him. An explanation took place, the animal's shoes were removed, and it appeared palpable,

that the horrible cruelty of *screwing* had been resorted to; in fact, the horse, although a remarkable fine creature, was incurably lame in one of the forefeet, and the amiable principal of our informant had lamed every foot, and, by means of this extraordinary torture, the fine but miserable animal "showed its points," and secured itself an owner, that, in a few hours, relieved its sufferings, and ultimately punished the projector of them. As this barbarous practice of screwing is only practised by the most profligate and unfeeling dealers in horses, it may be necessary to explain to our readers, that "screwing a horse," is fastening its shoes by means of screws instead of nails, which, when the animal is lame in one foot, has the effect of making it appear *mettlesome*, as it naturally plunges from agony, and does not, until after it has stood some hours in the stable, show its lameness. If, after our caution, any of our readers think proper to purchase a horse of a stranger, with or without a warranty, the best mode to adopt, is to ride the animal in its different paces for at least an hour, then put it into a stable for an hour, get a farrier to take off its shoes, and see if it walks or trots lamely. But even this method will not always protect you; for, although you ride a broken-winded creature full gallop up a hill for two miles, by the following treatment on the part of the seller, you are prevented discovering its defect until the next day:—When a jockey or dealer has a broken-winded horse to dispose of, it is carefully kept from hay, corn, and water, for several hours, a little lard and bran mixed being all that is administered; this prevents the appearance of its malady, and be the creature ever so dull, by means of spurring and flogging, it is brought before a purchaser in so ram-

pent a state, that, to an inexperienced eye, it appears that nothing but hard work will quell its exuberant spirit.

SPECULATION.

Swindling, when performed on a large scale, obtains the title of speculation. We need merely mention one word to remind our readers of the affinity between speculation and swindling—that one word is *panic*. Every one must remember the disastrous events of 1825, the era when every species of fraud was at its summit. We do not of course mean to infer that all speculations are nefarious transactions, but we do affirm, and experience has proved it, that *most* schemes are tricks of a few to defraud the many. In 1825, no less than one hundred and fifty *companies* were in existence—amongst them, how many now exist? not one-sixth. The following list, in which we believe there are few omissions, contain the names of the respectable and the fraudulent schemes. The law of libel prohibits our making out the latter, the memories of our readers may perhaps serve the purpose. We have added to the list, the *alleged capital* of each company, the bare view of which is sufficient to expose their hollow and fallacious pretensions. The list, which has been collected with considerable trouble, will be an invaluable record, some few years hence, of the number of adventurers that inundated London, and of the gullibility of the citizens of this great metropolis.

Companies.

	Capital.
Inter-National Gas Company	
Egyptian Trading Company	1,000,000
Welch Slate, Copper, and Lead Mining Company	500,000

	Capital.
National Stone Way Company	
West of England Cobalt and Copper Company . .	125,000
Thames and Medway Lime and Brick Company . .	100,000
London Carpet Company	200,000
Devon Haytor Granite Company	200,000
Persian Mining and Trading Company	
British Steam and Patent Navigation Company . .	500,000
Leasehold Estate Investment Company	1,000,000
Scottish National Mining Company	
United Medical, Chemical, and Drug Company . .	250,000
Hibernian Hemp and Flax Company	
Imperial Plate Glass Company	200,000
Honduras Indigo Company	1,000,000
Columbian Agricultural Company	1,300,000
Greshambury Company	
Foreign Wine Association	
Medway Lime and Coke Company	100,000
Central American Mining, Pearl, Fishing, and Trading Association	1,500,000
General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association . .	600,000
South Wales Mining Company	
Northern Mining Company	500,000
Isthmus of Suez Canal Company	
British Barilla and Soda Company	200,000
South American Gem Company	1,000,000
Worcester and Gloucester Union Canal	250,000
Jamaica Oil Gas Company	
Flour and Corn Depot Company	
Bengal Sugar Company	1,000,000
Royal Anglo-Hanoverian Hartz Mining Association	1,000,000
Irish Shipping Company	300,000
Grand Commercial Assurance Company and Gua- rantee Association	3,000,000
Saint Katherine Dock Company	
Thames and Severn Railway Company	
Timber and Wood Company	1,030,000
Gold Coast Mining and Trading Company	750,000
Chilian and Peruvian Mining Association . . .	1,000,000
Biscaina and Moran Vein Mining Association . .	
Mexican Trading Company	1,000,000
Columbian Agricultural Association	1,300,000

	Capital.
Hibernian Joint Stock Banking Company	1,000,000
British Distillery Company	500,000
Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal, &c. Company	1,000,000
Canal Gas Engine Company	
Mediterranean Steam Company	
Grand Western Rail-Road	3,000,000
London and Bristol ditto	1,500,000
Peruvian Trading and Mining Company	
City of London Central Street and Northern Im- provement Company	300,000
Union Bread Company	
British Invention and Discovery Company	750,000
Haytian Trading Company	1,000,000
Bognor and Aldwick Improvement Company	300,000
The Licensed Victuallers' Rectifying Distillery Company	500,000
Cattle Food Culture Association	100,000
British Lead Company	500,000
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Ship Building Company	100,000
Guernsey and Jersey Ship-Building Company	200,000
United Kingdom Estate Association	2,000,000
Patent Steam Canal Company	60,000
Philippine Islands' Mining and Trading Association	
British Rock and Patent Salt Company	2,500,000
Potosi Mining Company	
Irish Manufacturing Association	2,000,000
New Levant Free Trading Company	
Cheshire Iron and Coal Company	50,000
British Forest Planting Company	1,000,000
Alliance Pearl Fishery Association	
London Abattoir Association	
Birmingham Water Works	125,000
British North American Ship-Building Company	500,000
Canada and Nova Scotia Steam Navigation Com- pany	50,000
Cotton Importing and Manufacturing Company	2,000,000
British and Foreign Patent Association	500,000
Society for the Prosecution and Encouragement of the Herring and Cod Fisheries in the Deep Sea, and on the Coasts of Scotland	500,000

	Capital.
Anglo-Peruvian Mining Association	600,000
London and Hibernian Corn and Flour Company	500,000
French Brandy Distillery Company	150,000
Waggon, Van, and Post-chaise Gas Vacuum Engine Company	300,000
Royal Cornish Mining Association	300,000
Manchester and Liverpool Railway Company	300,000
Surrey Rail-Road Company	60,000
Rent Redemption Company	1,000,000
General Burial Ground Association	300,000
London Cemetery	750,000
Oil, Colour, Varnish, and Dry Saltery Company	300,000
Van Dieman's Land Trading Company	1,000,000
Importation Plate Glass Company	200,000
Ground Rent Company	250,000
Patent Scarlet and Crimson Dye Company	
General Stage Coach Company	
London Short Stage Coach Company	500,000
Economic Funeral Society	150,000
Brazilian Agricultural and Jewel Company	600,000
Mansion House Street Company	350,000
London Company for the Sale of Horses and Car- riages	10,000
United General Life Insurance Company	200,000
Bolivar Mining Association	
General Posting Company	
City Improvement Company	500,000
Rio de la Plata Agricultural Company	1,000,000
Royal Stannary and British Mining Association	500,000
British Stone and Slate Company	
Patent Steam Carriage	
Home Investment and Annuity Company	2,000,000
Peruvian Mining Company	500,000
African Company	
United English and Italian Coral Fishery	150,000
English and Foreign Share Exchange	25,000
British, Irish, and Colonial Hemp and Flax Com- pany	30,000
Mining Company of Ireland	
National Poultry Joint Stock Company	2,000,000

	Capital.
West India Company	2,000,000
Pacific Pearl and Crystal Fishery	150,000
United Pacific Trading, Mining, and Pearl Fishery Association	
London Ale and Beer Company	300,000
Canada Ship Building Company	
Cornwall and Devonshire Tin, Copper, and Lead Mining Company	500,000
British Tontine Association	500,000

STOCK EXCHANGE.

We meditated devoting considerable space to this subject, but, as this species of robbery does not immediately affect the public at large, but merges in the result of one pack of gamblers fleecing another, we shall enter into no minute detail of its proceedings. It is to expose delinquencies, that affect the many, that we engage. The following sketch is from the pen of a gentleman, well known on 'Change, who has obligingly permitted our publication of it:—

“What is money?—change! If money be change, he who wants it, must necessarily wish to change his condition! Our first question is, therefore, where are we to look for it? Oh! sirs, “the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap!” On the east side of Temple Bar, within the jurisdiction of the official successor of Sir William Walworth, where lord mayors from time immemorial have sat in judgment over calipash and calipee, while aldermen and alderwomen have smiled silent approbation, or vociferated riotous applause, to the edification of the London 'prentices, who, viewing the “sweets of office” in the perspective, vowed to make civic dignity “the end and scope of their ambition,” and stamp their native London the queen of the arts, and mistress of

the world. Yes! it is to the city we must look for money—there, which way soever we turn, nothing but money encounters our view; money-brokers, money-bankers, money-scriveners; in short, money might be superadded to the whole of the multitudinous tribes that infest the city, and few would be found willing to quarrel with the superaddition of money to their ordinary qualifications.

“London is the soul of commercial speculations; soul—no! it is the body of mercantile enterprise, and money the blood that circulates through its veins, imparting life, vigour, and motion, to every limb of the many-headed monster. Remove money, it is constantly seized with a sort of commercial epilepsy—a falling sickness—every member of the body becomes paralyzed, listlessness and inactivity supersede the bustle of life, and a stranger would almost fancy himself transported to Glubdubdrib—for, to say truth, London without money would be but the ghost of her former self; lacking this essential article, she lacks every thing—possessing it, she lacks nothing. He then, who possesses the art of making money, and possessing, applies it; he, who by adventurous enterprise causes it to flow in new channels, reverting in the end to general benefit; he, who successfully finds vent for surplus capital, and thus avoids the danger occasioned by its superincumbency, may justly lay claim to the applauses of his fellow-citizens for the highest attainment of commercial virtue, and becomes, in the language of the “old city grubs,” a *good man*, or, according to the more classic vocabulary of the junior branches, a *regular noun substantive*.”

Be it our task to analyze these *good men*, to in-

introduce adjectives *expressive* of the *qualities* of these *noun substantives*; and showing the springs and sources of individual wealth, and exposing the chicanery of trade, to put the world, in general, a little more on its guard against the money-making tribes, be they *children of wrath*, or of *grace*; Israelites or *Gentiles*; the modern Jews vie in *gentility* with the most orthodox professors of the holy mysteries of mother church. But in this nidus of *money-spinners*, with what class shall we begin? Each seems to claim precedence, clamouring for place as loudly as an extortioner, ex-minister, or any ex-officed individual, who wishes to exert his ingenuity for the benefit of *himself*, and the *common weal*. Where shall we choose? which class select for our *coup d'essai*? Our brain, thrown into chaos by the contest, is scarcely calm enough to venture a selection; fortune beckons us onward, and, trusting in her inspirations, we decide on the doctrine of chances, and dash at once into the Stock Exchange.

This region of speculation is in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle Street. Here we may see Jews, Christians, Mahometans, Multifidians, Nullifidians, and Omnifidians, all jostling and elbowing in one universal scramble after the *root of all evil*; and each content if he can save his neighbours from Pandemonium, by absorbing the whole of the root in question, and leaving them in a state of *virtuous poverty*, that fits them for *future beatitude*. Here, reared at a mighty expense, peers the British and Foreign Stock Exchange, the *Temple of Mammon*, where his votaries sacrifice to the infernal god their whole soul, and stand with inverted umbrellas in anticipation of a *golden shower*. Here assemble the

whole tribe of bulls, bears, lame ducks, and alligators, a menagerie not equalled since old *Noah turned waterman*; each speculating in his peculiar province, and on the look out for his natural prey—a fool. The bull bellows, the bear growls; the first, of the regular John Bull breed, takes no denial, and will buy at any price at which the last dares sell—the last, murmuring while he sells, and selling while he grumbles—while the poor alligator, having no defined character himself, partakes of the nature of both bull and bear—he is one, he is both, varying daily—a complete Proteus. Not admitted into the *den*, by reason of his indefinite character, he is confined to the court-yard, or alley, where he wanders, selling or buying his thousands and tens of thousands, on chance. If he proves successful, he is an alligator still—if misfortune treads upon his heels, he is instantly transmuted to a *lame duck*, and waddles out of the alley with as much celerity as ducks are usually famed for. Thus, in the various revolutions and transmutations occurring in this world of speculation, every thing alters its appearance; the legitimate *bull* and *bear* of the market continually change situations—a *bull* to-day may be a *bear* to-morrow; and should he, by force of circumstance, become a *duck* the day after, he endeavours to retrieve his former situation, by turning *alligator*.

But it is time to drop the allegorical, and descend to the real—to abandon metaphor for the metempsychosis—and transmigrate the spirits of bulls, bears, lame ducks, and alligators, “into the trunks of men” looking for a dinner at the expense of the public, and seldom being sent hungry away. In sober reason then, the bull buys and the bear sells; the

first tosses the Consolidated Threes "as if he would hang them on the horns of the moon," the last beats them down to that abyss which Milton has so ably described; it is heaven or hell with them, and the joys of one, and the pangs of the other, are felt in the ups and downs of the market. Yet, as our plan comprises as well the mode of transacting business, as the uses and abuses of the Stock Exchange, we must assume a more serious tone in our observations. Mentor never once brake a jest, and, as we venerate every hair on the *beard* of the disguised goddess, we will try the effect of gravity on our constitution; and, our business here being to prevent the public being *led* by the *nose* elsewhere, we crave the use of their *eyes* to inspect the sober truisms which we are about to promulgate.

All readers of whatever class, rank, or condition, will agree that nature intended every rational biped should wear a *nose*; this granted, we will proceed to its application. Truth is like a man's nose; in the first place, truth is one—and a man would certainly appear more awkward with two noses, than if he were utterly deficient—unity, therefore, is as much the property of a nose as of truth. Secondly, truth is indivisible—so is a man's nose; divided, it ceases to be a nose, by losing its unity. Thirdly, truth leads mankind to a just and proper conclusion—so does a man's nose; whence we say—"Follow your nose and you can't go wrong." Thus having proved, and we trust satisfactorily, the affinity between truth and a man's nose, we will proceed to make the truth as apparent as any nose on any face of any reader who will accompany us in our truly praiseworthy and meritorious undertaking.

Now truth, whom we have taken for our guide in this investigation, is really so charming in her nakedness, that we cannot refuse to obey her first suggestion, and point out the difference between a jobber and a broker. And, as the last is the more honourable of the twain, suppose we introduce him first. Courteous reader! imagine him before you, and go through the necessary forms which a polite knowledge of the world exacts, on being presented to the notice or society of a stranger; you will derive much benefit from the exercise of your politeness, and, what is still better, leave us at leisure to commence another paragraph.

Returning to our subject then, a broker is one who buys or sells any commodity for a third party. A stock-broker, one who superintends the transfer of stock for *valuable consideration*; his commission is 2s. 6d. per cent., and, by this trifling sacrifice, the buyer and seller mutually secure a legal witness to the transfer, besides preventing imposition, fraud, and forgery. So long as the broker is not identified with the jobber, or one who speculates in time bargains on his own account, we respect his profession; let him once take to jobbing, he forfeits our esteem for ever. There are so many temptations to wrong, influencing the jobbing broker, that if his clients find him honest, his honesty will bear a relative proportion to his folly, and his credit will be saved at the expense of his understanding. What man is there who, doing business confidentially for another, will not endeavour to foist a bad bargain of his own (if it be practicable) on the shoulders of a client? Few, we believe, if any. Self-preservation, the first law of nature, dictates the course, and he who, soaring

on the vapour of philosophy, contemns self in this age of refinement and luxury, possesses feelings too romantic to inspire the soul of a stock-jobber.

The commission above quoted appears too small a remuneration for a broker. Oh! you will exclaim, there are too many to live by it, and they must take to jobbing to drag on a miserable existence. Fair and softly, gentle reader, that existence must indeed be miserable, which depends on the fluctuations of fortune alone; for there is very little calculation on the Stock Exchange, albeit a large portion of credit is given to the market on that score. The profession of a *gamester*, at all times hazardous, is here particularly *so*; for if he keep not his day, he is expelled the market; after which, if he must still haunt the scenes of his former glory, he appears in the precincts of the *house*, sunk in self-abandonment, completely crest-fallen, a poor spirit-stricken speculator. Here, breathing the keen air of Capel Court and Bartholomew Lane, he looks for a job among his brothers in misfortune, uncertain of payment, even should he speculate on the right side. Here he practises all the virtues of the ancient Numidians—

“ One course his meal—if fortunate in spec,
Within some public-house he sips his beer—
He’s either bull or bear till four o’clock,
And when the market’s closed, he hies him home
To rest his limbs upon a bed ’till morn;
Then rises fresh, and runs to Capel-court—
Where, if by speculation he should gain
A new half-crown—he buys a mutton chop—
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.”

The broker may live without jobbing on his own

account—his commission, small as it is, will support him respectably. An immense sum of money is daily released from trade, which must be productively applied, and here it is necessary to employ a broker for safety in the transaction. This money is invested in the purchase of exchequer bills, or any other available security in the market, to the end that the surplus, not immediately required, may be put to use at a small interest, until it can be more beneficially employed. This alone would be sufficient to support brokers; but, independent of this, there are immense sums for permanent investment daily brought into the market, which, on a fair division of business, would yield each broker sufficient profit to make it *worth his while* to be an honest man.

We are personally known to many brokers in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton-street, who, during a long life of business, have always avoided jobbing for time, either for themselves or others; who have been contented with the gradual accessions of fortune from *real business*, and have prospered. It is not strange, therefore, that our bias should be favourable to honest and legitimate practices, seeing these men have prospered by the gradual influx of business, and that they have made money, although by slow degrees. Is it wonderful that we should recommend to our youthful reader, the slow and secure mode of making profit, rather than a recurrence to a system of jobbing in time bargains—inconsiderate, because in such a system hope takes the place of reason—and rash, because temerity alone can give the chance or prospect of success?

MONEY LENDERS, DISCOUNTERS, &c.

A life of modern dissipation (supposing a young man's conduct at the outset not very regular) quickly enough generates the want of money. Raw, rash, and inexperienced, with a mind unimpregnated by caution, let us suppose him mixing indiscriminately with every rank of miscellaneous society on a race ground where the plan of modern manners, and the looseness of modern education, is most likely to invite him. Let us suppose him to have lost his 50%. The bewitching charms of women, and the smiles of Burgundy, inflame his appetite for pleasure, and with wants suddenly multiplied, let us observe him, casually taking up his residence at a coffee-house in town, or let us imagine him, from some cause or other, in want of money. The first thing that presents itself to his eyes is a newspaper. A modern newspaper is not like one of those old fashioned vehicles of intelligence, formerly denominated a gazette, the dull chronicle of the times, and a faithful relation of remarkable domestic occurrences. It is the mirror of the age, and one of its most extraordinary characteristics is, that it holds out remedies for every thing, independent of the numerous medicinal aids for every possible disorder incident to the human body; the mistress who wants a keeper, the pregnant lady who wants to lie in secretly, the wife who is desirous of leaving a husband, or the unmarried to find one, is here instructed in the way to satisfy their respective wishes. Curacies, cellars, benefices, and bagnios, are advertised for hire or sale, and even a seat in the House of Commons, at a fixed price, through the channel of a modern news-

paper:—above all, those who want money are pressingly invited to relief. Let those who have known the curse of wanting money, as well as the pleasure of touching it, after long and fruitless solicitude, judge (for no one else can) the joy it gives to see one of Mr. N——'s, or Messrs. H——'s and K——'s advertisements in the front of the paper, inscribed in capitals, "Money to lend," or "Money instantly advanced to any amount," and young gentlemen, &c. not only liberally promised it, but with the utmost secrecy and expedition. He takes an additional bottle on the strength of it, reads it over a thousand times; nothing can be more plain or fair; he can now instantly borrow a few hundreds, or perhaps a thousand. What signifies a little interest, he can pay that at any time, and the whole affair is transacted with the utmost honour and secrecy—no one knows of it. This night, perhaps, for the first a long time, he sleeps undisturbed by dreams, or forgetting the incessant clamour of his duns, dreams only of happiness, pleasure, and ease.

The very next day, the faithful servant (the confidant of all his master's secrets) is despatched with a letter on the important business, in which he *wisely* communicates his name, address, connexions, expectations, &c. These are, in the interval, carefully investigated, and being found true as represented, an interview is on the third day appointed in the evening, *at the advertiser's own house*. The advertiser's house is generally a ready furnished one, and splendid; the hall is well lighted up, and servants in profusion, purposely dressed, open the door; the destined *victim* is conducted through many rooms, exhibiting an appearance of clerks and business, and

the room appointed for him to rest in, is richly decorated with a sideboard, the contents of which, though plated, the eye does not distinguish from silver and gold, clerks are perpetually running backwards and forwards with letters, announcing the names of different noblemen, who are pompously desired to wait, when, in fact, the whole is a delusion, no such persons being known to them but by name. He enters almost trembling with diffidence, conscious of being about to do something improper, and impressed with exalted ideas of the wealth and consequence he is about to address; add to this, that a certain *littleness* (indescribable indeed, but sensible to feeling) hangs about the breast of every one, who asks the loan of money; never was there more truth in a proverb, than in that which announces misery to the borrower. The whole narrative is now gone through, and money talked of, by the advertiser, as if mountains of it were at his command. Hundreds are nothing; if thousands were indeed wanted, it might be an object. The golden apples of the Hesperides are hung full in view, to invite the touch, but it is some time before he is permitted to handle any of them. They are suffered to hang in view, but to elude the grasp, and like the delusive waters that tormented Tantalus, serve only to provoke thirst instead of quenching it. The youth, however, finding himself so kindly treated, and being, moreover flattered into a belief of consequence, which he very properly never conceived to have belonged to him, returns home in a delirium of joy, leaving bills behind him to the amount, perhaps, of three or four hundred pounds, at very short dates (six weeks or two months), for which he is desired

to call in a day or two and receive the produce. In the course of conversation the unguarded boy has dropped the name of his father's banker, and perhaps the principal tradesmen in the neighbourhood, and these bills are instantly done or discounted in one or other of these *very* places, on the credit of his own name only, or rather that of his family. The young gentleman calls at the time appointed, and takes a horse and chaise, a ring, a gold watch, or some expensive bauble, one or all of them, at an exorbitant price, being more than double their value; which it is observed are just the same as cash, for they are things he positively wants, and cannot or should not do without. They are absolutely appendages of the gentleman, and none but such a niggardly old hunk as his father (who does not know the value of such a son) would deny him. The remainder he receives in cash, after deducting five per cent. (*i.e. per annum*); but that is a trifle, not worth notice; though, supposing the bill or bills to have been drawn at two months, that alone is thirty per cent.

The way to get money being so extremely easy, it is nonsense to think of contracting expenses. No! that would be a sneaking business; he is invited to enlarge them, and, to do him justice, seldom fails accepting the invitation. The first set of bills become due, of course, without any provision being made for the payment of them. The hours, "when the young heart flutters with felicity," fly speedily away, and the morning comes, but not with healing under its wings. He receives notice "that the bills are due," and is respectfully informed, that, as it might not be perfectly convenient to pay them *exactly* on the day,

his good-natured, new acquired friend, offers his assistance, not only to take them up, but to assist him further, *should it be necessary*. A hint is enough; it is a d——d good-natured action, “that is the truth,” and further accommodation is not only desired, but become absolutely necessary—and what signifies? It is only signing his name, and nothing is more easy when once a man knows how to write.

It is a hundred to one too, but that he is flattered into a belief that he signs his name in a manner peculiarly graceful, and may be known for a man of fashion, by his signature. The second interview of business now takes place, the same parade, the same affectation of splendour is visible, but there is also by *far greater familiarity*, and, if possible, grosser flattery. After a load of ignominious epithets upon that character, which the law of nature points out as the most sacred, he is addressed something in this style—“My dear fellow! pardon my *hint*, but men of business contract unfashionable habits; the old scoundrel I thought might not bleed freely at the moment, and a wish to serve so fine a young fellow, induced me to make a *tender* of my services. Nothing else; the devil take me, my dear fellow, if I ever knew a pleasure equal to that of serving my friends—my services you may command.” Chit chat conversation now follows, of course, in which the *necessary inquiries* are made, with the most consummate art; but this is the climax with which it ends—“I am heartily chagrined I cannot give you the money myself, but a d——d run of ill luck at the gaming table, puts it out of my power; my name, however, is at your service. I will indorse your bills, and *we* must endeavour to get them dis-

counted—money, however, is uncommonly hard to be got.” This unexpected declaration comes like a thunder clap, and naturally produces a suspensive pause of reflection, the countenance of the youthful borrower imbibes a position of involuntary gloom, which, however, is no sooner perceived, than dissipated by the most hearty assurances of the advertiser’s assistance. In a word, the young gentleman now writes again for double the sum, or perhaps for a thousand, which it is odds but the advertising money-lender discounts in the same way as the former (*i.e.* amongst the connexions of the borrower), who, when he comes, however, in expectation of receiving the money, *as before*, is sure to meet *the first advances of disappointment*; and it is now that the arts of *procrastination* begin. Every possible excuse is given to satisfy delay, till credulity on one side, and falsehood on the other, is exhausted. In proportion as the youth finds himself involved, his fears of discovery increase, and, to complete his misery, when irretrievably in the money-lender’s power, he is bluntly told that no money can be had for his bills. Humiliating submission is all that is left him, and it is too late, and too dangerous to complain, much more to threaten, for if he does, the whole is detected, and then ruin (he thinks) must follow. “If,” says the trembling offender, “I dared not inform my father when I owed only two or three hundred pounds, how much less dare I now, that my debts are a couple of thousand?” The good money-lender is, however, at length prevailed upon; *from motives of the purest friendship*, to do *something* with them, and though he has himself received the whole in *cash*, he pretends (after a few days longer delay),

when half the date of the bill is expired, to have discounted them with infinite difficulty in *goods*, which *goods* when sold, and interest, brokerage, commission, with nameless charges are deducted, do little more than cancel the *first* debt, seldom yielding more than *half*. The pungency of necessity makes the youth eager to catch any twig (however slender) to save himself, but it is generally, unhappily, such a one as breaks on the smallest pressure. Become almost desperate, he is, by various artifices, inebriated, and seduced to a gaming table, kept in the same channel of connexion, where his losses are heavy of course, and (as this secret must be kept like the rest) after submitting to be bullied out of payment of part, and a very small part, in ready money, for which he sacrifices his monthly or quarterly allowance, which the parent supposes is applied to other purposes, the remainder is paid in bills, bonds, or any other security required; the load of debt is now swelled beyond all hopes of payment—death alone, it should seem, can befriend him. Calculations begin to be made on lives, and if any title deeds can be found to show an interest in remainder, or reversion, they go, of course, the same way for almost nothing. His own life is next insured; nay two or three annuities are done upon him, for which, after deducting the usual charges and impositions, not more than two years' purchase is received; and if there is some *dexterity* used (which in fact is seldom wanted), to inculcate a belief in the lender that the *old gentleman cannot live long*, post obits follow at little more than the expense of paper and stamps; here the clouds begin to blacken—they portend the approaching storm; here commences real

trouble, and serious affliction, of which words are inadequate to the description—"When sorrows come, (says Hamlet) they come not single, but in battalions." The mask has now fallen off from the money-lender, but it is too late; a closer intimacy hereafter *necessarily* succeeds between them, and every stratagem is put in practice to borrow money on their joint names, by bill, bond, and annuity—in short by any means. The pittance received from his securities, through the medium of goods, is divided between them, and even that small portion wasted in numerous and fruitless attendances. Moreover, that *personal credit*, which he was unconscious at the time he possessed, is gone, and now, flying in despair to the banker or family tradesman, in hopes of relief from that quarter, he finds these very people his creditors, and the holders of his bills. Something must yet be done, and every thing he thinks better than discovery. More bills continue to be done, with pawnbrokers and Jews, for any goods that can be got. When they will no longer pass for the better articles of merchandise, such as linen, silk stockings, cloth, furniture, brandy, and plate, we have actually known them discounted in old plated candlesticks, old books, pictures, and Birmingham halfpence;* blubber, whalebone, and old hay, are very excellent articles in the discounters' catalogue. The pictures in the "*School for Scandal*" and the "*Minor*," are pictures of real life, and daily practice. A faithful delineation of the arts of money-lenders would require a volume, instead of a few scanty pages.

* A fellow actually proposed to one of the present writers, to do a 30*l.* bill, half in cash, and the remainder in *pastry*.

The slightest connexion with this description of men, generally terminates in the ruin both of character and fortune. When once a young man is involved with them, the *means* of extrication become almost impossible, so much is he subjected to their power. The terrors of a gaol, the want of bread, and, perhaps, a criminal prosecution (for some unguarded act), is suspended over his head, held up in *terrorem*, to induce a ready compliance with their demands. It is observable too, that being always in league with some of the worst, but ablest men of the profession of the law, they can very easily execute their threats. These unhappy young men, after the total dissipation of their fortunes, and the destruction of their characters, are often *obliged* to indorse *any* bills of accommodation that may pass through the money-lender's hands, or to act as drawers, accepters, or indorsers, as best suits the necessity of the case; and are frequently glad to receive a compliment of five guineas, for putting their names on bills to the amount of as many thousand pounds. They are retained as *decoy-ducks*, and their *exploits* may be traced in public advertisements, *with offers of advantageous partnerships—to join other young men of fashion in raising loans—exchange of bills—interest to procure appointments to lucrative places, &c. &c.* Tradesmen are first led into the practice of discounting bills from motives of avarice, as by this means they sell what they could not otherwise dispose of, at an advanced price; but it is observable, that all who are in habits of discounting *accommodation* bills (even those who do them in what is called the *fair* way, *i.e.* giving something like value, two-thirds, perhaps), *all*, except the old experienced advertising money-lenders,

are ultimately ruined. The roguery of this business is evident, from the enormity of the sums they annually expend in public advertisements—from the frequency of their bankruptcies—some of them are five or six times bankrupt in the course of a few years, under the denomination of *dealers* and *chapmen*. The ruined tradesman afterwards joins to bait the trap, and ruins others as he has been himself ruined; he is made the source of reference for character of other tradesmen, by means of which goods are taken up, bills discounted, and thousands of petty frauds perpetrated with impunity, both at home and abroad. But to pursue the delineation of the *road to ruin*. Bills now more frequently becoming due, and the arts of procrastination being exhausted, other *harpies* are applied to, called *attornies*, who introduce to his acquaintance *carnivorous* sinners denominated bailiffs, and, by aid of their reciprocal good offices, the last scene is fast accelerating to conclude the tragedy. It seems as if the youthful victim was only begotten to be devoured. These cannibals, the *remnants*, prey and gloat over the unnatural repast, with an appetite that is insatiable. The enormity and the injustice of the attornies' charges give the finishing stroke; it being no uncommon practice to put as many names as possible in the writ (having previously put as many *friendly* indorsers on the bill), with the sole view of swelling the expense; for no one of them is arrested or held to bail but the *single victim*, marked out to be devoured, who *pays for the whole*. The measure of misery is now filling to the brim; the unhappy youth becomes the prey of anxiety, and ceaseless corroding care, most severely experiencing the effect

of that heaviest loss, the loss of character, and consequent desertion of his friends, even his *swallow* friends, who smile only on his summer, and leave him when the winter of adversity sets in; for it is observable, that these men, like the forest-deer, avoid their bleeding comrade. When "*done up*" (as the phrase is), none will associate with him; he is, on the contrary, every where regarded with the averted eye of contempt, and even his confederates in evil are the first to slander and asperse him, while he is left without any means to repel their shafts, or deprecate their influence, and hourly exposed to the pangs of insult and neglect. "The proud man's contumely, and the malignity of ignorance (says Smollett, very justly), are bitter ingredients in any cup, but particularly in his whose only alternative is to swallow or to starve:" it is in vain he looks for assistance to relations or friends—he has none. That *timid prudence* which prevails in most families, against assisting any unfortunate individual of it, precludes him every hope of relief. What then is his situation? judge ye that have felt it—describe it, who can? There are agitations of the mind that will not be reduced to the regularity of thought, and which words cannot, therefore, convey. This scheme of *random* life sometimes exists four or five years, though it generally terminates in the second. The advertiser, perhaps, elopes with the bills, with which he is intrusted to discount; in the *first instance* they are indorsed over, and not a shilling consideration ever given for them. Thus his name gets upon town, and his business is soon despatched, but the longer the scene continues, the more desperate and incurable is the disease. The procrasti-

nation of such a life of misery is purchased at the dearest rate. We know a man who, by bribing an officer of the sheriff to go round to other officers, and get up whatever writs were against him in their hands, so that all being in one hand, and that one extravagantly paid for keeping out of his way, he staid in London several years after his ruin had been completed. But the race usually terminates by a shorter course ; the servant is at length detected by the parent—private information is given—letters are entrapped (which, from the similitude of names, it is really astonishing does not happen oftener), or the young gentleman is arrested, and his absence cannot be satisfactorily accounted for. Then, and not till then, *the whole comes out*. “*Hic labor hoc opus est.*” The astonished parent, who, perhaps, prided himself on his *prudent son*, finds now how *wonderfully* he has been deceived, his resentment very naturally follows. Irritated by vexation and disappointment, and fearing, perhaps, lest a degree of *ridicule* should attach to the *dexterity* with which he has been tricked, severity of treatment follows, proportioned to his former kindness, and the parent becomes in enmity as keen as he was before warm in friendship. “Right, too rigid, hardens into wrong.” Gross language follows, termed the language of consideration ; consideration, however, assumes not that form,* on the contrary, all is violence and rage.

The father, who closes his door upon his son for irregularities, and on his daughter for frailty, drives them both to the commission of worse crimes, or, at

* “And consideration like an angel came.”

Shakespeare.

least, the repetition of former ones. Think of this, ye fathers!

In our limited circle, we remember a son descending the area of his father's house, and there blowing out his brains, driven to desperation by his father's unrelenting austerity!

Severity has driven many who were only foolish to become criminal, and carried several from the discounters to the highway, from the counting-house to the gallows.

BEGGING.

Under this comprehensive title come a vast number of persons. Many exist by writing lying letters, trusting that the indolent generosity of the great will relieve them on the strength of their petitions, without taking the troublesome course of inquiry into the truth of their statements. They are too often successful. A man whose birth, education, and manners are those of a gentleman, has for years lived in extravagance, by the sums he thus extracted from the hand of humanity. The late Bishop of Durham was one of his benefactors, but that eminent divine at length discovered the imposture.

There is a society who really are more serviceable than many of superior pretensions; we mean that called the Philanthropic Society. They undertake to relieve cases of distress, and receive, of course, an immense number of applications: five-eighths of the letters are written in one hand. We heard of this, and instituted an inquiry, and found that a fellow in Church Lane, Dyot Street, writes these petitions at 6d., 8d., and 1s. a-piece, according to the length of the story to be told, or the power of paying that his

employers have. We have some reason to believe that this man (who is grossly ignorant, and dreadfully depraved) is in collusion with many applicators, and receives a portion of whatever they thus extract from the Society. When we spoke with this creature, as to what he made by his trade, he evaded our question, and said—"There are too many in my line;" and he enumerated twenty or thirty persons who live by writing these things. On inquiry, we found, that, though existing in filth and misery, he is very expensive, and often "*treats the whole lane!*"

One case, in which this worthy was the literary agent, we must record:—An Irish woman applied to the Society for relief; two of the committee visited her, and found her in a wretched attic, with only a rug and some straw, whilst the miserable children were eating *grains*, which they had obtained from Meux's brewery. Touched with the sight of so much wretchedness, these gentlemen humanely relieved them instantaneously, out of their own pockets, and made such a report to the Society, as obtained the woman a considerable sum. After this she made repeated calls upon them, till, at length, they were forced to refuse any further aid. Soon after this, they received a letter (in the same hand), saying—that one of the wretched children had been dead seven days—that the mother being Irish, the parish would not bury the girl, and that she had the corpse nightly in her room. The committee came again, saw the surviving children eating *grains* as before, and the girl laid out, covered with the old rug. The effluvia was so dreadful, that they quitted the room instantly, and were about to report the ne-

cessity of sending her money immediately, but, 'ere they had reached the street, it occurred to them that they had neglected some inquiry necessary on the occasion. The gentlemen accordingly ran up stairs, and saw, to their surprise, the *dead* child sitting up, saying—"Need I lay here any longer now?" and the other children pulling a saucepan of sausages from out of a hole, where they had been stuffed.

Far be it from us to close the hand of charity, when meagre want calls for relief. We know it is better that a hundred impostors be supplied, than one unfortunate be denied. We name these things as elucidations of *how* some beings *live* in London, and as hints to the many to inquire, not casually but carefully, upon whom they bestow their bounty.

Those unfortunates who seek seclusion, not exposure, who would fain give to their tattered garments the semblance of decency—those are the real objects of charity.

We cannot better conclude this subject, than by a reference to a Parliamentary Inquiry into the Case of Common Beggars.

To detail one half of the deceptions practised by these wretches, would fill a folio volume. No class of people have laid greater contributions on the public, nor live in greater extravagance, than the beggars of London; but thanks to the Mendicity Society, their depredations and excesses are nearly at an end. In 1817, a Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the State of the Police of the Metropolis; from whose minutes we extract the following astonishing facts:—

"Mr. Martin gave in a statement, wherein he estimates there are six thousand beggars floating upon

this town daily; and that if each beg a shilling a day, 300*l.* is taken daily out of the pockets of the public.

“*Sir Daniel Williams* stated, that the beggars about Whitechapel resort to a public house, known as the Weavers’ Arms, but its slang name was the Beggars’ Opera, on an evening, after having perambulated their different circuits; they lived well, had hot suppers, and regaled themselves with beer, punch, and other liquors still more expensive.

“*Mr. Butterworth, M.P.* gave in evidence:—There are two public houses in Church Lane, St. Giles’s, whose chief support depends upon beggars; one, called the Beggars’ Opera, which is the Rose and Crown public house, and the other, the Robin Hood. The numbers that frequent those houses at various times, are computed to be from two to three hundred. I have been credibly informed, they are divided into companies, each company is divided into what are called walks, and each company has its particular walk; if this walk be considered beneficial, the whole company take it by turns, each person keeping it from half an hour to three or four hours: their receipts, at a moderate calculation, cannot be less than from three to five shillings a day each person, frequently more. They cannot be supposed to spend less than half-a-crown, and they generally pay sixpence for their beds. They are to be found in those houses throughout the day, but in great numbers from eight to nine in the morning, and late in the evening. It is their custom to sally out early in the morning; and those who have any money left of the preceding day’s earnings, treat the rest with spirits before they begin the operations of the day. I have

been informed, that they have a kind of committee to organize the walks to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriate the best walk to their senior beggars, in rotation. There is an Irishman who pretends to be a sailor, and frequently cuts his legs to excite compassion ; he begs shoes and sells them ; he is a most audacious fellow, and has several times been imprisoned.

“ I understand, that, after the business of the day is over, they frequent those houses and partake of the best food they can obtain, and they spend their evenings in a very riotous manner ; the food that is given them by benevolent persons they do not eat, but either throw it away or give it to the dogs. Women have frequently been known to assume an appearance of pregnancy, in order to obtain child-bed linen, which in many cases they have done eight or ten times over.

“ *Mr. S. Stevenson* :—I have heard the beggars say, that they have made three or four shillings a day in begging shoes, for sometimes they got shoes that really were very good ones ; and their mode of exciting charity for shoes is invariably to go barefooted, and scarify their feet and heels with something or another to cause the blood to flow. I have seen them in that situation many times, and thus they sally out to their different departments, invariably changing their routes each day, for one is scarcely seen in the same direction two days together, but another takes his situation. I have seen them myself. I have seen considerable sums of money pulled out and shared amongst them, both collectively, and those who go two or three together. Victuals I do not think I ever saw them eat, for I rather think they

throw it away when they get it ; shoes and clothing ; and such things as those, they sell immediately. There is one beggar, whose name I do not know, but he goes by the name of Granne Manoo ; he is a man who, I believe, is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year, he is so abusive and vile a character ; he is frequently in gaol for his abuse and mendicity ; he is young enough to serve at sea, but I believe he has been ruptured, consequently they will not take him. I have seen him scratch his legs about his ankles, to make them bleed, and he never goes out with shoes. That is the man who collects the greatest quantity of shoes and other habiliments ; for he goes literally so naked, that it is almost disgusting to see him.

“ Another man I have known upon the town these fifteen or twenty years ; he is a young man, and as nimble as any man can be. I have seen him fencing with the other people, and jumping about, as you would see a man that was practised in the pugilistic art. He goes generally without a hat, with a waist-coat through which his arms are thrust, and his arms bare, with a canvass bag at his back ; he begins generally by singing some sort of a song, for he has the voice of a decent ballad-singer ; he takes primroses or something in his hand, and generally goes limping or crawling in such a way, that any person would suppose he could not step one foot before another. I have also seen him, if a Bow Street officer or beadle came in sight, walk off the ground as quickly as most people. There is a man who has had a very genteel education, and has been in the medical line, an Irishman, who writes a most beautiful hand, and gets his livelihood principally by writing petitions for those kind of people, of various descriptions, whether

H

truth or falsehood I know not, but I have seen him writing them, for which he gets from sixpence to a shilling.

“I have seen from twenty to thirty beggars come out of the bottom of a street, formerly called Dyot Street, now called George Street, they branch off five or six together, one one way, another another; invariably, before they get to any distance, they go into a liquor shop, and if one of them has saved (and it is rare but one of them saves some of the wreck of his fortune over night), he sets them off with a pint of gin, or half a pint, amongst them; they trust to the day for raising the contributions necessary for their subsistence in the evening. They have all their divisions; and they go one party one way, and another party another. In regard to the mendicity people begging with children, I can give a little information upon that: there is one person of an acute nature, who is practised in the art of begging; he will collect three, four, or five children from different parents of the lower class of people, and will give those parents sixpence, or even more, per day for their children to go a begging with; they go in those kinds of gangs, and make a very great noise, letting the children sometimes cry, in order to extort charity from the people. They will, if necessary, swear they are all their own children. There was a woman who had been in the habit of receiving five shillings a week from the parish of St. Giles, when, at last, another woman came forward and taxed her with three of the children not being her own.

“It is very seldom they go to their family till they have been at their public house; in fact, most of

them have no lodgings. There are houses which admit forty or fifty of them, like a gaol, and the porter stands at the door to take the money; for three-pence they have clean straw, or something like it; for those who pay four-pence they have something more decent; for sixpence they have a bed; they are all locked in for the night, lest they should steal the property; in the morning there is a general muster below. I have asked country paupers who have come for relief, how they have been entertained when they have gone there; they say, very badly. The servants go and examine all the places, to see that all are free from felony; and then they are all let out into the street, just as you would open the door of a gaol, and let out forty or fifty of them together, and at night they come again; they have no settled habitations, but those places to which they resort: but there are numbers of those places in St. Giles.

“*Mr. Digges*:—I have seen several instances of their conduct: I have been at the house of an evening, merely out of curiosity. A man of the name of Sheen keeps the Rose and Crown; and a man of the name of Peal keeps the Robin Hood, in Church Lane. I have seen them some years back (at the time, the knives and forks, the snuffers, pokers, tongs and so on, were chained to the place) take fowls and such things for supper, for they seldom leave the house till their money is exhausted; then they all start the next morning with empty pockets. There were two cellars between Plumtree Court and Dyot Street where they used to dress sausages for their suppers; there they used to chain their things to the tables that they might not be stolen. One evening, as I was

coming down Tottenham Court Road, a man and a woman, both beggars, were quarrelling; the man swore at the woman very much, and told her to go down such a place and he would follow her; I said to myself, I will see this out. She appeared to be pregnant, and to be very near her time. I went down to Sheen's, I think he sent her there. There was a quarrel; and he said, I will do for you presently—and he up with his foot and kicked her, and down came a pillow stuffed with straw, or something of the kind, and she was soon delivered.

“I have been informed of a circumstance respecting a man of the name of Butler, that went about: he had lost one of his eyes. I am told he had been to sea. He had a dog, and walked with a stick; the dog went before him, and he hit the curb with his stick. People supposed he was blind with both eyes; he turned his eyes up in such a way that he appeared blind. When he returned to his hotel, he could see as well as I could, and he wrote letters for his brother beggars; this man has been dead two or three months. There is another man who begs in Keppel Street, Russell Square; he has one leg longer than the other, and walks with a stick. If any of his companions ask him to take any thing, he will not take less than a quartern of gin at a draught; and daily he is rolling about in the kennels by three or four o'clock in the afternoon. My opinion is, that a great number of the beggars who go about are not in distress, but are impostors. I have knowledge of one man in particular, that goes about and pretends to be in fits in the streets; he chews soap, and has been taken several times in imposing upon people; he was taken in Lincoln's Inn Fields, about

a fortnight ago, and committed for a month. His name is John Collins, and he is known by the beadle as the soap-eater.*

"There is another, a woman, a good deal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of the name of Ann Phillips; she has been passed to St. Sepulchre's a number of times, but it is impossible to keep her away from that neighbourhood. There is a little black man, who has frequently been brought into the watch-house for begging. I have seen him have a bag with silver, and another with copper; and, at other times, he has come to fetch me to take up people who have robbed him of a great deal of money, as he stated; and I have been told at the public-house, he would spend fifty shillings a week for his board; he would spit his own goose or his own duck, and live very well. I am positive that many of these beggars are in a much better situation than most of the working people. I have seen them, at the end of Compton Street, come out of the houses where they have been, with a leg and an arm tied up, and so on; they have had four or five glasses of gin before they started, and have settled which way they should go. They meet again in the evening, and cook their own geese, or their own turkeys, or they will cook a turkey, and put sausages round it, and call it an alderman in chains. There is a woman who goes about Holborn; she pretends to

* This trick of shamming fits has been often practised, but by none so inimitably as by *Mister Collins*: they put some soap into their mouths, which they work up to a lather, and foam it out between their lips, making it appear exactly as if they were in dreadful convulsive fits.

be in fits, and barks like a dog; when she saw me, she got up and walked away immediately.

“*John Furzeman* :—I certainly believe the generality of beggars are impostors; I have many times heard them say, that it is a very bad day if they do not get eight shillings, and more than that. I have seen the black man, Toby, toss up for a pint of gin, and, I think, for a quart of gin and a gallon of beer. I have heard the people say, that a publican had ten pounds of his in his hands, while, at the same time, he went about begging.

“*Thomas Davis* :—Most of the beggars are impostors. I took up one whose leg was in a wooden frame, but his leg was very well, and when I came to take him, he ran off with the wooden leg, and found two good ones, and escaped. About two years ago, there was an old woman who kept a night school, not for the purpose of instructing children to spell and read, but for the sole purpose of teaching them the street language—that is, to scold; this was for females particularly. One female child, according to the woman’s declaration to me, would act the part of Mother Barlow, and the other Mother Cummins;* these were the fictitious names they gave. The old woman instructed them in all the manœuvres of scolding and clapping their hands at each other, and making use of the most infamous expressions; this led them into the most disgraceful scenes. When these children met, if one entered into the department of the other, the next day they were prepared to defend their station, and to excite a mob.

* These are keepers of brothels in Dyot Street and its vicinity.

QUACKS AND DISSENTERS:

Of all the villains that infest London, none are so much to be dreaded as quack doctors; and, although the sharpers* and informers lay plans, and occasionally levy contributions on them, yet, so very numerous are the credulous, that most of these fellows are enabled to live in ease and luxury. The bills they circulate through London, are enough to drive any nervous individual distracted; and, in the midst of the alarm their perusal excites, the easy and the fairly promised remedy with which they conclude, is too alluring to a weak mind to be withstood. The quack, on the first interview, takes care to soothe his victim, congratulating him that he has arrived just in time; had the application been a day later, heaven knows what had been the consequence, but now, by strict attention to the instructions given, and by swallowing the medicines regularly, the patient might hope, in time, to be in better health than ever.

Some of these would-be doctors receive, in certain cases, exorbitant fees for speedy cures, and, by means of their infernal remedies, give a present appearance of health, which ultimately undermines the consti-

* A conspiracy on rather an extensive scale was carried on against these fellows by some of the knowing ones of the metropolis. A patient, without complaint, but who stated he laboured under nervous debility, used to call on the different quacks, hear with attention all the advice given, and carry away the medicine, having paid the necessary fees; and continued his visits twice or three times, taking copious notes of all that passed at the interviews, and taking care of the medicine. A threat of exposure was then made, unless certain terms were complied with, and by this means a considerable sum was realized. The system is carried on to this hour.

tution of the unfortunate patient, who, in all probability, is rendered an object of disgust for the few years he may drag out his miserable existence, and eventually sinks into an early grave. A watchmaker, in Clerkenwell, was under the care, as it is termed, of one of these wretches for two years and a half, and paid for such care upwards of 150*l*. Accident threw him in the way of a regular practitioner, who, after great difficulty, induced him to submit to become his patient for a fortnight, and extracted a promise that, until that period had expired, he would not return to his favourite medical adviser. At the expiration of the time stipulated, the man was quite well, the disorder being far from one of a dangerous tendency; and his doctor's bill amounted to 3*l*. 3*s*. Thus we see the effect of quackery and puff; the quack, who ought not to be allowed to practise, obtains 150*l*. for avoiding a cure—the regular practitioner 3*l*. 3*s*. for making one.

There is an anecdote told of the celebrated quack S., who was accosted in a coffee-room in the Strand by a surgeon, who had known him from his boyhood. The surgeon said—"How is it that you, who never were bred to the profession, can afford to ride in your carriage; whilst I, who am a regular practitioner, can scarcely subsist?" "I'll explain it to you in a moment," replied S., "only answer me two questions—first, how many persons do you imagine have past this window since we have been talking?" "A hundred, perhaps," was the reply. "How many out of that hundred do you think were fools?" "Ninety, probably." "Now, sir, I can satisfy you. I have the fools for my patients, you have the wise men for yours."

One of the advertising genus was a porter in a

coach-office, a few years since, though now a proprietor of a newspaper. Another kept a tinshop in Baldwin's Gardens.

Is it not astonishing that any person will go for advice to Cooper, Lamert, Goss, Eady, Peel, &c., when, for half-a-guinea, they may obtain the assistance of such eminent men as Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Cline, Travers, Bell, Darling, &c. Nay, they might absolutely have a consultation with *all* these great and tried practitioners, for less than they will ultimately have to pay to *one* of these ignorant and hardened wretches, who live upon popular credulity.

Having concluded our notice of the quackeries practised on the bodies of our countrymen, we shall next consider the assaults made on their souls. It were endless to recount the number of sectarians, and their various modes and principles, and, so long as the object is purely to worship the Almighty, far be it from us to introduce into our work the slightest reflection on them; but, when we see and know that religion, or rather the semblance of it, is made the vehicle for fraud and extortion of every description, we are bound to take a peep at our self-created clergy.

A license to preach only costs 1s., and then the intended preacher gets acquainted with some dissenter, who brings him out, that is, allows him to preach in some room or chapel. The infamous C—— has thus brought out many.

There are amongst dissenters many men of learning, but not one of genius; and the generality are ignorant and vicious. A short time since, one of these preachers was committed for drunken and dia-

orderly conduct; several have been convicted for indecent assaults, and, indeed, the cases where young females have been seduced by these marauders are very numerous. Their profession insures their introduction, and they too frequently abuse it. Our readers will remember a case in point, occurring but a short time since.

A writer of the present day, whose popularity is coeval with his merit, has immortalized one preacher in song. The merit of the composition tempts us to copy it, more especially as it forms a true and entertaining adjunct to the article.

THE PARSON'S CLERK.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

Near Moorfields is a house of prayer,
Which every chapel-goer knows,
Pious folks they do go there,
To—sport their Sunday clothes!
The parson—fill'd with gospel grace,
Could show good living in his face,
And the fruits of the spirit you might trace—
In the dark!

Just beneath him did appear
A man, who sang so sweet and clear,
The hymns, for—twenty pounds a-year,
The parson's clerk!

Mister Joseph Joshua Twight,
Always dressed as if in print—
His eyes were beautifully bright,
Though they had a little squint!
He gave out a hymn—his head he shook,
One eye was fixed upon the book,
T' other would round the chapel look,
Only mark!

Like others he could not resist
Singing with a beautiful nasal twist,
The while he beat time with his fist,
The parson's clerk !

By fate's decree a rich man died,
Whose widow, with much grief and pain,
On Sundays to the chapel hied,
In hopes—to wed again.
The flesh did the spirit sore assail,
She pray'd that her prayers might avail,
And sung as sweet as a nightingale,
Or a lark !

She look'd as harmless as a dove,
Thought love feasts were feasts of love—
Turn'd her eyes on heaven above—
And the parson's clerk !

Mister Twight, though his eyes were bad,
A nose so keen and sharp had got—
In less than "no time at all," egad,
He smelt out "what was what ;"
And soon gave her to understand,
By piously talking of wedlock's band—
Sigh'd, and groan'd, and squeezed her hand,
In the dark !
A month from the time her husband died,
At living alone so much she sigh'd,
She—went to church, and was fairly tied
To the parson's clerk !

Ere the honeymoon had flown,
His manners somehow seem'd so strange,
He dress'd quite spruce—left her alone,
Astonish'd at the change.
From righteous paths he turn'd astray,
And even on the Sabbath day,
Drove himself in a one-horse *chay*,
In the park !
And all the week—I don't know how,
At singing glees he made a row,
"Glorious Apollo !"

And got as drunk as "David's sow,"
The parson's clerk !

Only a short time after that,
These revels turn'd to grief and care,
He was took by a man, with "large cock'd hat,"
Before the great Lord Mayor.
Charges against him not a few,
For being *in* love, and being *untrue*,
And children sworn—a dozen or two—
Fair and dark !

And when at the truth they did arrive,
To show what a rare game he did drive,
He'd three wives besides—and all alive !
This parson's clerk !

Committed to Newgate's dreary cell,
Proof of guilt beyond all doubt,
He serv'd three years in Clerkenwell,
And then—quite fresh, came out.
His wives were gone—he knew not where,
And what was more—he did not care ;
He wanted a *trade*—the wind was fair
To embark !
For gospel grace his bowels yearn'd,
He had a call ! it was not spurn'd,
And now he's a *methodist parson* turn'd !
The parson's clerk !

SHAM REPORTERS; SELLERS OF SITUATIONS; ATTORNIES.

Amongst those who "carry on the war" without any regular profession or business, are the following :—Gentlemen connected with the press—legal gentlemen, who know nothing of the law, and never were initiated into its mysteries—and benevolent elderly gentlemen, who pick up well dressed youths at coffee-houses, in the park, &c. determining to serve them, get them government situations, ap-

pointments abroad, and so forth. With regard to the press gentlemen, they want nothing to set up their trade but tolerable clothes, a book and pencil to take notes, and a system of making hieroglyphics, that the stander-by may *fancy* they are short-hand writers. Thus armed, they push their way into the courts of law, the Court of Chancery, the police offices, to all public meetings, frequently getting tickets for public dinners, and often obtaining admittance without tickets. They strut forth boldly, and get in, to use the cant phrase, "on the bounce."

Suitors in Chancery, plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, green attornies, and young barristers, are all awed by these personages, who, by their anxious looks, and extraordinary gestures, attract the attention of all present; and it is odd, indeed, if they fail in catching one flat a week—some *one* who wishes to appear "*some one*" in the newspapers, or a person, perhaps, who will willingly give 5*l.* not to appear at all in print. This system is carried to a great extent at our police offices; 20 or 30*l.* are sometimes given to suppress cases, and a fellow of good address, who actually has not the means of getting a report into the papers at all, gets hold of the large sum; he then invites "the penny-a-line men" (the reporters) to a tavern, gives them a pound a-piece—invites them to dinner—makes them drunk—and gets their notes from them by any means in his power. If it so happens that no reporter on a salary is present, of course the matter never appears in the papers, and the gentleman who has managed the matter is pointed at as a man of great influence on the press, and perhaps (and, indeed, we know one instance in which it did so happen) the individual gets into a con-

nexion and credit, that precludes the necessity of again resorting to his old system of raising the wind.

Of the legal gentlemen, we must inform our readers, that a London lawyer need know nothing of the law to be a first-rate attorney—it only requires that he should be a man of common sense; and well would it be for clients if they were fortunate enough to meet with this grand essential in their professional advisers (as these gentlemen are termed).

The pretended sellers of situations have a variety of plans—let us detail one:—A person advertizes to dispose of a place, to which he pretends having the power of appointment, and the same person at the same time (but in another paper) advertizes a sum of money ready for such a place as he thinks will answer his purpose. These produce applications from both parties, the party wanting to buy, and the party wanting to sell, and though sometimes a fair *bona fide* contract and sale accidentally takes place, yet, in nineteen cases in twenty, the whole is a fiction, which serves as a cloak to cover many frauds, and to answer the advertiser's purpose, in touching donations and fees from both description of applicants, which are generally numerous.

Several of these men are now about London; we know no reptiles more despicable.

Sanctified old villains unsettle the minds of unfortunate unemployed lads, by picturing to them scenes of future honour and glory, creating in them a love of ease and luxury, to which all are too prone, and inducing their unsuspecting dupes to expend time, and money, thus making them forfeit the friendship of their friends, and ultimately reducing them to the lowest grade of wretchedness. A young and ardent

mind so disappointed, must have more than ordinary philosophy to throw aside all the absurd notions and habits which these heartless scoundrels inculcate; and it requires philosophy, indeed, to turn from this pictured paradise; and set forth to look for an honest employment. These vagabonds, whose original object is generally nothing more than to obtain a chop and a glass, are generally provided with letters from noblemen, ministers of state, &c.; a few musty parchments, perhaps an old commission for the army, and its honours and emolument, are a grand theme with them, and generally an agreeable subject to the young gudgeons they catch. The conversation, as soon as the cloth is drawn, generally runs as follows:—"I could offer you a situation in the excise, from the interest I have with Lord —, the salary is 150*l.* per annum, and the hours are from ten till three. But should a young fellow like you stick yourself behind a desk? You had better get into the army, and marry some woman with 20*l.* or 30,000*l.*; there are hundreds would jump mast high to have you." The villain then runs through a hundred anecdotes, *some* popular and true, others mere inventions, but which, the publicity of the few veracious ones, induces the dupe to receive as gospel.

The reader has of course frequently seen large deceptions, often 1000*l.*, offered for permanent appointments; these locusts always answer them; and the frequent exposures in our police offices have shown how entirely fallacious were the hopes of those who relied on these promises.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

There are two ways of living. The plain straight forward path of some useful profession (now fast

wearing out), and what are called the lucky hits of life, which so frequently turn out very unlucky ones, yet form the study of the greatest share of the juvenile part of mankind. From the sentiments of loose characters, they learn that life is a lottery, but forget that in all lotteries the blanks are more numerous than the prizes, and the great prizes so few as to bear no proportion to those that are trifling and inconsiderable. To preach patience to the disappointed gamester of life is in vain, his mind has no receptacle for such consolation. The man, on the contrary, who patiently weathers the storm of life, and by a becoming assiduity in the pursuits of an honourable profession, has kept himself above mere want, to such a man, in the hour of calamity, consolation may be offered, and will be accepted; he has the source of it within himself, in the reflections of a well spent life, but the gamester of life, who wastes his time and strength, the days of health and utility, in watching a lucky hit, such a man may sometimes be pitied, but will never be assisted—he has stepped out of the known and beaten track of life. There is no map of that country in which he wanders. The fate of a gaol is truly dreadful, unless indeed congenial depravity of mind renders him a fit associate of the beings, who generally tenant these miserable mansions. Calamity may receive a temporary opiate in momentary relief from suspense, and the distressing vicissitudes of hope and disappointment, but it is in every point of view a serious evil; and though many are even gorged with bounty misapplied, and live in profusion, riot, and debauchery, within these walls, yet here is also to be found every species of human misery—the wretch of keen sensations, blasted by accident in the blossom of for

time—numbers, shivering in the solitary recess of indigence—the parent who had seen happier days, surrounded by a wretched naked offspring. For our parts, we never heard the opening of the gate, without seeing, in imagination, Milton's description of the opening the gates of hell—

“ In the keyhole turn'd
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease
Unfasten'd : on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.”

Liberty ! sweet goddess ! heavenly bright, smiles not here, to enliven the sons of solitude and sorrow with a single transient gleam ; but “ to disclose the secrets of the imprisoned house,” would be only committing an outrage on the reader's feelings. In the space of these few scanty pages, the mind of sensibility has had no language adequate to the expression of its feelings. The involuntary tear is at this moment gushing with the painful recollection of our own sufferings in confinement, from the source only of wounded feelings. Had the prisoner any mind, he would receive the most poignant anguish, from the irritation of neglect, seeing one relation pass his door without deigning once to look in, or another visiting him only from ostentation, or to aggravate his misery by the acrimony of reproach. Satan is accused of visiting the abodes of Paradise, to intercept the scenes of primæval happiness that awaited our first parents in Eden—this latter instance improves upon that example, and exhibits an unfeeling being intruding

upon the mansion of misery, only to open new avenues to despair, and make the unhappy more wretched; nor, perhaps, are the prisoner's feelings tranquillized, at the very frequent and mortifying prospect of beholding successful blockheads every day tumbled over his head in the scenes of active life, instead of gravitating beneath in their natural order of descent.

We are digressing into reflection painful to ourselves, and, though not unprofitable, probably unpleasing to our readers. We do not wish to annoy the world with—

“The stings of the souls the world have stung!”

our duty is merely to show how life in prison is conducted. Liberty! how art thou prized! yet we remember more than one instance of a fellow getting a friend to arrest him, because he could live better by kedging in Whitecross Street than he could without its walls. One man who had been years in the Fleet, repined to leave it, and many, once in, voluntarily remain.

A prison contains an admixture of the profligate and the unfortunate. The following ingenious query may perhaps reconcile us to those sufferings in others, that become so intolerable when they are our own:

“With respect to prisoners for debt, while it would be foolish to deny, that a great proportion of them must consist of the idle, the profligate, and above all, of the incapable, it may not be improper to ask, if, under an expanded commercial system, the failure of a great portion of the community is not necessary to the prosperity of the remainder? and

that, as one tribe of animals frequently exist upon the destruction of another, whether the various grades of humanity may not occasionally do the same?"

THE KING'S BENCH MARSHAL'S FEES.

There is his profit upon five hundred and forty butts of porter, and sixty-five barrels of ale ; 4s. 8d. for every commitment, and 7s. 4d. for every discharge ; and then, as clerk of the papers, 3s. for the first action on the discharged. Once more, as clerk of the papers, 1s. upon commitment ; and lastly, as the said eternal clerk of the papers, on surrender, another, 1s. ; presto, as marshal again, 1s. for each declaration against a prisoner ; a shilling a week rent for every room (in a prison !) ; the letting of the coffee-room ; the wine at the tap ; the per centage upon the rules ; the 4s. 6d. upon day rules ; besides I know not what from the baker ; and for rules to acknowledge. Who would imagine that the dignified exaction of 2d. a night per bed for one, and 1d. per night for a bed for two, from the most abject poverty, formed part of the deliberate regulations of an order of court. The balance of Mr. Jones's profit and loss account in the concern of the King's Bench Prison, it has been seen amounts, on the favourable side, to 3270l. ; the whole sum collected from the debtor, and may we not add creditor, exceeding 5000l.

Thus we see that one individual, and several under him, enjoy handsome annuities, drained from the impoverished and the wretched.

This mode of drawing a subsistence, by exactions on the needy, reminds us of a well authenticated anecdote of another official personage, and, ere we proceed further, let us relate it :—

A gentleman, who now holds a post of some eminence, formerly kept a liquor shop in Fleet Market. He was in the habit of obliging his customers, the fish and fruit women, with loans of 5*s.* to go to market, for which they paid him 5*s.* 6*d.* at night. Some of his customers did this *daily*; others two or three times, and some once a week. He had no less than thirty women his debtors on this system. Those who contracted these loans daily, paid the incredible interest of *seven thousand three hundred per cent.*!

Let us return to a review of the King's Bench Prison. It contains within the walls about two hundred rooms, eight of which are the state rooms, and are let at 2*s.* 6*d.* each per week unfurnished; the remaining one hundred and ninety-two are (or ought to be) occupied by the prisoners, who are compelled to pay weekly 1*s.* for a single room, also unfurnished; if two persons live in the same room 6*d.* each; if three, 4*d.* each. But the marshal states, that he never demands any rent from those who are unable to pay. On a prisoner's arrival at the gate, he is called upon to pay his commitment fees, amounting to 10*s.* 2*d.* It has been stated, that whether the fees are paid or not, he receives on demand a chum ticket (as it is called), which is a ticket of admission to some room in the prison.

The principle, on which this chummage takes place, may be thus explained:—Supposing one hundred and ninety-two rooms in the prison are occupied by one prisoner each, and there is an arrival of fresh persons, which, in term time, often occurs to the number of twenty or thirty a night, and chum tickets are demanded from the chum master; if the prisoner, so requiring a ticket, is of decent appearance, and has the air of good circumstances, one is given him upon

a room already occupied by a person of his station in life ; but if the applicant be poor, he receives his ticket upon a room held by one who is enabled to pay him out, that is to say, give him so much per week, which generally amounts to 5s., whereby he yields to the existing occupier the whole right to his room, and pays for his lodgings with persons of his own class and situation ; so that it is not uncommon to find six or eight persons of the poorer classes sleeping two in a bed, or on the floor, in rooms of the dimensions of sixteen feet by thirteen ; some also of these sleep at the tap on benches and tables, and as many as forty-eight have slept there at one time. The choice then of the chummage is thus perfectly optional with the chum master, who is one of the turnkeys, and has the sole management of the business, as far as the ordinary rooms are concerned ; but those of a better description, from their situation, are considered as being at the disposal of the first clerk to the marshal, who has, in point of fact, the direction and management of the whole prison. The prisoner, who has sold his share of the room, is considered as entitled to re-enter it, whenever he chooses to break the bargain, it lasting only for one week. But it appears that this right has been denied, or is evaded, and that persons who have interest with the officers of the prison, may either keep a room free from chummage, or prevent those who are chummed upon them from returning to their rooms, if 5s. a week be regularly paid. In this latter case the person, insisting on his right to return, is shifted from his own room and chummed on another. No care seems to be taken to acquaint the prisoners, on their first entrance to the prison, that a chum

ticket is to be obtained on application. Some have been several days within the walls, paying a heavy rent for their lodgings, before they learned from their fellow prisoners that they had a legal right to a share of a room. The ordinary proceeding is for one of the turnkeys to take the prisoner, on his arrival, to the coffee-house, the master of which provides a room at the cost of about 3s. a night, or a lodging is engaged from some one of that numerous class of persons who, having been long in the prison, gain their livelihood by letting out their own rooms, or their share of a room, to new comers. Eight shillings and 10s. a night have been given for a bed, but the usual price is from 14s. to a guinea a week. The first clerk says that some delay necessarily takes place in the delivery of chum tickets, and that it is sometimes difficult to provide situations, on the emergency of the moment, fitted to the station of life of the claimants; and who are therefore inclined either to look out for themselves, and find a lodging in the prison, or to wait, in the expectation of some one going out, when they can succeed to the vacant room. The rule of chummage is, that the person who has been longest in prison keeps his room free from having another prisoner chummed on it, till all the rooms, held by those of a junior date to himself, have each a prisoner chummed on them. The system purports to be one of rotation, and if the prisoner be poor, and wishes to be bought out, he is chummed upon one who can afford to pay him: if he wish to remain, he is placed in the room of a person who will keep him, and he has, accordingly, a chum ticket upon the youngest prisoner in one or other of these classes. The committee, that set

several days within the prison (in 1815), declared they endeavoured to understand the manner of delivering the chum tickets, "but though there be a rule stated to exist, by which this delivery is regulated, yet it appears that so many exceptions are made to that rule, that the whole system seems to be one of favouritism and partiality, and liable to great abuse."

What we have already stated will give the reader some insight into the manner in which one class of debtors live on the others in prison; there, in fact, scheming is brought to perfection. If we wished to make any man thoroughly acquainted with the world, and a complete master of all the tricks and shifts of society, we would place him, for six months, within the walls of the King's Bench prison; he would need no further initiation. But we fear the demoralizing lesson would do more harm than the knowledge would do good: it is a useful but a painful acquirement; blessed are those who, guileless themselves, suspect no guile in others, and miserable indeed the wretches who "suspect all bosoms of deceit, because their own breasts hide it."

The racket master of the Fleet used always to charge 4d. for every ball that was lost, but he employed a boy, in the Belle Sauvage yard, to find those that fell over, and used to repurchase them of him at one halfpenny each. Hot water is sold in the last named prison at one farthing a quart; potatoes boiled for a penny, &c.; whilst, in other prisons, a man may, and does, exist by cooking for a mess of prisoners. This is particularly the case in Whitecross Street.

There is no situation into which a man can be

thrown, but where the idleness of others will give him employment. Where he seeks that alone, he is praiseworthy; but, unfortunately, the prisoner too often strives to live by trickery and fraud, rather than by honesty and exertion.

THE TURF AND RING.

Race courses and their accompanying pursuits, all combined under the sporting term, the turf, enable thousands to exist. The systems of fraud and villany that now present themselves, are not novel, for it seems our forefathers robbed and jockeyed one another, as commonly as the most experienced black-legs of the present day. An old writer, who published in 1746, gives the following description of Newmarket, in the reign of Queen Anne:—

“Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the race-horses, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London, as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the *sharping* part of their sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-courers in Smithfield, descending the greatest part of them from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible, and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

“There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and as some say cunningest, jockey in England; one day he lost a thousand guineas, the next he won two hundred, and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away 500*l.* or 1000*l.* as other men do of their pocket

money; and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned when he had lost a thousand pounds, as when he had won it. On the other side there was Sir Robert Fag, of Sussex, of whom fame says he has the most in him, and the least to show of it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there, yet he often carried the prize. His horses he said were all cheats, howsoever their master was, for he scarcely ever produced a horse, but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy as a cart horse, as all the cunning of his master and grooms could make him, and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

“I was so sick of the jockeying wit, that I left the crowds about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses, how the creatures yielded to all the arts and managements of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference so well as their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first heat.

“At a distance, I fancied myself in *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games; and, under this deception, was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and the gaming-tables after the races were over. Pray take it with you as you go,

that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again."

Of our modern races, the most important are, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, and Epsom. Most towns, however, have something of the sort; Barnet, Chelmsford, Stamford, Margate, &c. &c. are among the "little goes." Sweepstakes, are stakes (sums of money) made up by a subscription of three or more, frequently of thirty; for these stakes any number of horses, according to agreement, and quantity of subscribers, run. The horse that comes in, takes all, that is, literally, *sweeps* off the stakes. The robbery is done by jockeying, that certain horses shall be kept back, either by bribing the riders, or if that is too expensive, or altogether impracticable, then they are jostled and crossed by other horses, whilst the horse meant to win is given a clear field.

Betting, though apparently complex, is really simple. If twenty horses start, the agreed odds are twenty to one against any one of the horses, for unless the horses are known, one's chance is as good as the other; but the favourite, a well known horse, will alter the terms, as thus—twenty horses to go, it is twenty to one against any other, but only thirteen to one, perhaps, against the favourite. When young sportsmen "lay it on thick" upon the favourite, and make a certainty of its coming in, the jockey is "given the office," rides under orders, an inferior horse wins, and the betting gentlemen pocket long odds.

The Earl of ——— was sold thus by his riding boy, who was bribed with one thousand guineas to lose.

His lordship's loss was upwards of 80,000*l*. He rode up to his barouche and told his lady what had occurred. She instantly handed him his loaded pistols, and told him to shoot the boy, which it is thought he would have done; but, luckily for the equestrian, he had "become scarce" some moments before.

It is not unusual to get a man to ride across the course, and thus throw out any particular horse; and men have been hired to walk across, though the concussion with the horses is frequently death, and if the wretch escapes with life, he runs a chance of being flayed alive by the whips of the jockeys who have lost through him.

At races gamblers of every kind appear, and under tents, or in adjacent houses, or booths, *Roulette, une, deux, cinque, E. O.*, and *hazard* are played; but having already spoken fully on these subjects in our early pages, we do not deem it necessary to give any instances of the *fraternity's* tricks here.

The term "*levanter*" is applied, in turf phraseology, to those who do not pay their honourable debts on the settling day at Tattersall's.

Recent exposures, and some things that "came out" during the dreadful affair of Thurtell, Probert, and Weare, let the reading public into a few of the mysteries of the ring. The robberies effected in this way, are called *crosses* (from *cross*, a theft, in slang). Two men are pitted to fight, and the best fighter is paid to lose; the odds are of course laid upon him by all those who are not in the secret, and large sums are thus made. Jem Ward fought a cross with Bill Abbott, and also with Josh Hudson. Every one knew that fat Josh could do nothing against Ward but by agreement; Ward gave his head and body,

and stood up to make it look like the real thing, and lost with marks of punishment; but had Ward chosen, he could have won in half the time that fight lasted, and without a scratched face too. *Crosses* are sometimes conducted by connivance with the trainer of one of the fighting men; this is a *dead cross* (i.e. one in which the *backers* of the *losing* man are deceived, as well as the rest of the world). The trainer either over fatigues his man, so that he trains off, and gets weaker instead of stronger, or *doctors* him on the morning of fighting; this doctoring is giving him some *deleterious drug*, either in his food or drink, that stupifies him, and renders him incapable of exercising his powers; the thing given, is generally narcotic and purgative, so that the man becomes heavy, and suffers an intense head-ache, together with very sharp pains in his stomach. His opponent "has the office" to fight at these points, and can scarcely fail of winning.

A double cross, is where a boxer receives money to lose, and afterwards goes in and beats his man. Izzy Belasco very properly did so with the Norfolk post-boy. Some scoundrels gave the Jew 40*l.* to lose; he played with his man, until his tempters had laid large sums, and then finished off the Norfolk lad in a few rounds. The swindlers fell into their own snare, and returned pennyless to town.

Reuben Martin received a gratuity to sell to Jennings, but he "did the knowing ones," and won the fight. Such has been the animosity of the rogues, who thus found their match, that Reuben has been obliged to fight all his subsequent battles a long march from town, as many members of the fancy swore, in revenge, to run in and break the ring whenever they saw him winning in any battle.

Stockman, when accused of selling a fight, and hissed at the Tennis Court, said—"Gentlemen, you would not have said a word if you had *all* been in the robbery;" this silenced the hissers.

Among the minor sort of robberies are bets on time, when two fast fighters are matched. Betters will bet that the fight lasts an hour, or any particular period, and then pay the men to play that time away. Many men will do this that would not sell a fight. Ned O'Neal did it with Sampson a short time since.

Pierce Egan has said, he does not know what crosses are; Messrs. Novel and Soares may also say so; but we believe these three knowing ones have occasionally suffered by them; and others, who stand as high in the sporting world, have profited on these occasions.

To conclude: unless a man is inclined to give up the whole of his attention to the ring, he must lose in his bets; the same remark applies to the turf; and if he consent thus to sacrifice his life to the pursuit, he may be suddenly betrayed by the man he deems his surest friend.

CYPRIONS.

The name which mythology has connected with the attributes of incontinence, is the only delicate appellation for those unhappy beings who live by a sale of their caresses. This dreadful traffic has existed in all countries for ages. In holy writ, it is continually alluded to, and seems to have been the concomitant of every established society. It is not to our purpose to trace the different grades of the

unfortunates of former times, we must confine ourselves to the present day.

In the first place, be it remembered, that, in this country, the law does not recognise the crime of prostitution, or its perpetration, and that therefore all women following this course of life are liable to commitment as vagrants.

From the improved condition of society, the lighting and watching of the streets, &c. violences of all kinds have become abated, the footpad has sunk into the pickpocket, and the highwayman is no more heard of; but crime has not thereby diminished, it has only changed its features. A man murdered in a brothel, was a common occurrence one hundred years ago, now it is unusual to hear of any one even receiving a blow in such a receptacle; they are contented in these days with rifling his pockets, and make no attack on his person, knowing that for the former transportation only is the punishment, whilst the latter would endanger their lives.

We wish to state absolute truths on this subject, and shall steer clear of those grandams' tales, that paint butchery in every bagnio, and death in every embrace—these sort of lessons excite derision, but never inculcate caution. We shall attempt to arrange the principal *castles* of cyprians under different heads, and display the means by which they live, and how they prey upon those who fall within their clutches. But one word 'ere we commence.

On Women in General.

It is an axiom from abler pens, and older heads than ours, that women are ever in extremes, and either more virtuous or more vicious than men; this

is easily accounted for ; their imaginations are warmer —their reason less acute—their fancy more indulged —their knowledge more circumscribed.

It is not our object to injure any one of these unhappy creatures, who, bruised in heart as they are, become the harpies of society, after society has renounced them, who are forced to deceive all men, after being deceived by one. Heaven help them ! their sufferings are enough—their privations, their endurances, their wants, are ample retributions for any crimes they may commit. We would not add one pang to their miseries ; rather with a healing hand would we bind up the wounds the world has inflicted, and restore the wretched children of guilt to peace and to happiness ; that cannot be, and our duty to society bids us undraw the curtain, and discover the means by which the unfortunate are betrayed into profligacy, and the profligate driven to deeper crimes. We would lessen crime, rather than punish criminals—we would deter the tempted, not crush the tempter—for it is her fate, not her will, that urges her on.

Every woman, be she who or what she may, has some one she loves ; depend upon this, reader, it is a law in their nature. We have seen females in exalted rank, known myriads in middling life, and have been thrown by a variety of causes into collision with those in the lowest state of degradation—still *each loved some one*. Man is differently constructed ; long acquaintance with the world at length renders him callous to it—his heart becomes impervious to affection—*woman's never*. We have seen the fondness of a woman burst the walls of a prison, and, like Madame Lavelette, endure chains herself to

set a lover free; we have also seen the lowest of degraded creatures take her shawl from her neck, her gown from her back, and pawn them, to give the proceeds to her *transported favourite*.

Having laid down, as an invariable rule, that women must love some one, let us proceed to

Kept Mistresses.

We do not mean to assert that *they*, in general, love their protectors, on the contrary, they seldom do more than endure them. On as nice a calculation as it is possible to make on such a subject, we find that *not one woman in one thousand* is kept by her *seducer*! The protectors have generally been acquaintances of the first lover, who came forward when the unfortunate was deserted, and who were then accepted as the first resource against absolute starvation.

These women do not always find generosity in their protectors; idleness induces extravagance, and these poor creatures expend money in fancied wants, because they have literally nothing else to do; the servants that surround them know their situation, and take advantage of it. Every demand the lady makes upon the purse of her new paramour is considered by him as a tax, and, as the novelty of her charms wears off, he begins to look at expense, where he at first thought only of pleasure. He denies her requests. What was before indifference now becomes hatred, and she looks on her protector as the gaoler of her person. The embraces, that were at first endured, and from habit become agreeable, grow loathsome, and she now looks around her for some one whose person is more agreeable,

and whose liberality is more extensive. She finds some one who, unequal to the task of supporting an establishment for her, is willing to enjoy her caresses, and aid her as far as his means permit. Now one of two things occur ; she either meets a man of limited means who, liking her, runs into debt to supply her with money, or she meets a degraded villain who, seeing her situation, strives to make a subsistence by her, and who makes himself agreeable to her, and then robs her, or induces her to plunder others.

Reader ! if you know a woman under these circumstances, you must be a stoic to avoid the snare. An anecdote will better illustrate your fate, than aught we can say.

Louisa L—— was seduced, and afterwards lived with a friend of her seducer, ——, the gun maker. He did not supply her with the money her wishes demanded, and otherwise neglected her. She found that, though her person was idle, her mind was not. Solitude, instead of quelling, inflames the passions, and one evening, when —— was in the country, she went to the *Saloon*. There she met with Harry ——, a man of gentlemanly exterior, but one of the lowest of heaven's creatures. This fellow's person and manner pleased her ; they became intimate ; he visited her at the apartments —— had furnished for her ; and he persuaded her, from time to time, to pawn the spoons, forks, and other articles of plate, and *lend* him the produce. She did so. At last, these resources failed ; he brutalized her mind from one excess to another, till he persuaded her to try her charms upon a young man, then in the office of P ——, the conveyancer, in Lincoln's Inn. This young

gentleman (whom we shall call Mr. *Spring*) fell desperately in love with Louisa, and ran into every extravagance to supply her with money, which was instantly taken by Harry —, and spent by him amongst lower cyprians with whom he associated. Spring was at last introduced to Harry —, taken by him to the gaming table, and, in a moment of intoxication, prevailed on to forge his uncle's name to a cheque for 500*l*. Harry — got this cheque cashed by Levy, whose son took it to the bankers and received the money; Spring himself never received *one farthing* of the money for which he had put his life in jeopardy. The forgery was discovered, and, by the kindness of his relation, Spring was given six hours run, he quitted England, and is now at Sierra Leone. Going to such a climate with a constitution shattered by excesses, there are little hopes of his surviving; and probably, 'ere this record of his follies sees the light, he, of whom they are recorded, will sleep in darkness for ever. Harry — still exists, and may be seen night after night at Mother H——'s, the Saloon, or the Finish; and the last we heard of Louisa L—— was her commitment to the treadmill for disorderly conduct in the streets.

Let us draw our deduction from this case:—Louisa L—— loved this villain (Harry —); for his sake she plunged into every vice, sinking lower and lower at each plunge, until habit sustained what affection induced. Ill used by him, and having for his sake lost the protection of —, she took to drinking, and at length became a mere street-walker, and has been refused a shilling by the scoundrel on whom she has lavished hundreds.

Besides kept mistresses, there are hundreds who pretend to be so, who may be seen walking with a letter or basket in their hands, as if out on some business; these women will pretend to any one who falls into their company, that they are married, or kept, and thereby enhance the value of their favours.

An old book (lately reprinted *verbatim et literatim*, under a specious title), containing the following remarks, which, though written many years since, are just as applicable now:—

“The public bagnio, and private bagnio, claim attention next, the ladies of which are one step raised above the street-walkers just mentioned, and yet depend on bawds for their attire and appearance in life; being decorated with watches and trinkets, they claim a degree of superiority, for which they keep in pay *flash* men, landlords, and servants, to procure them customers, who make a considerable living out of them, by exacting so much per cent. for their introduction, as the furnishers of clothes do *per suit per day* for their dresses. These prostitutes are as much distressed, and in as great misery, as either of the former, and more liable to arrests and inconveniences, and are frequently obliged to submit to the most humiliating means of procuring a wretched subsistence.

“The mode of obtaining the necessary expenses of life is arrogantly assumed, by premising they have lodgings to pay for, and attendants, and cannot associate with creatures of the town, insinuating, at the same time, that their education sets them on a level with ladies of greater fortunes, and are more happily situated, being kept mistresses, and therefore expect greater gratuities and more respect than

the common sort, and the title and precedence of the latter. If you associate with ladies of this stamp, you must expect to pay accordingly, though that will not exempt any from the accidents liable to the frequenters of common stews, few of these having bills of health about them, to ensure their customers from disasters.

“The next class are prostitutes of fashion, the refuse and cast-off mistresses of men of quality, who, being left with a few clothes and some money, affect grandeur and genteel life, and thereby ensnare the unsuspecting and inconsiderate, who are indifferent about the money squandered upon them, if they can but have the credit of being looked on as persons capable of administering to the foibles and follies of a fine woman, though the refuse of a nobleman. These ladies of pleasure, as they are styled by the *beau monde*, reserve themselves only for such as are able, by ample fortunes, to pay for the favours they bestow; and being followed by officers they become toasts, and are thereby sought after by wealthy merchants and tradesmen, to show their taste and breeding, in selecting women of the *bon ton* for their leisure moments, and hours of indulgence.

“To speak of these ladies as they deserve, I must confess they are the most specious of all prostitutes whatever; for, as amongst thieves, so amongst them, a pretension to honour is to be found, and therefore some dependence is to be placed on their asseverations, though, in the end, you pay dearly for their condescensions and favours.”

The same writer has some remarks on the unfortunate condition of this portion of society, that merit quotation:—

"It ought to be recollected, they have, poor creatures, enough to bear up against, in the bitter recollection of their past and present conduct; the dreadful anxiety of procuring a wretched existence; the remembrance of better and happier days, and being unprotected, sad objects of scorn—all these circumstances render them peculiarly worthy of the most compassionate attention of the man of feeling: we ought not to 'break the bruised reed:' and the man who can ill use the unfortunate prostitute, is a million times a greater sinner than the poor, unprotected, forlorn, despised, and neglected object of his savage barbarity. Shun them and their company—their allurements—their fascinations—and their embraces—for "their touch is death!" Pass them not with curses and taunts, but, like the good Samaritan, pour, if you can, the balm of comfort to their distracted, wretched, and disordered minds. *The prostitute is the greatest object of pity of any offender in London!*"

Cyprians in Private Lodgings.

These women differ in grades, from the flaunting dame, who pays 300*l.* a year for a ready furnished cottage, to the unfortunate, who pays 5*s.* per week for a miserable attic. Persons who let houses or rooms to these women, always calculate on the probability of loss, and, therefore, charge double. This assertion is not made at random. The rent of any house in Thornhaugh Street, occupied by a respectable person, is less by nearly half than that of another house, of exactly the same dimensions, occupied

by a nest of cyprians. The landlords say they "*charge something for disgrace, and lay it on thick* as their tenants are *birds of passage*." The same principle prevails in the lowest hovels; go into Gloucester Court, Holborn, or any of its contiguous alleys, the mechanic pays 3s. per week for his bedroom—the poor prostitute, occupying the *back* room on the same floor, is charged 6s. Thus we see that the expenses of those who exist in this way are greater than that of other persons. We could enumerate a hundred, at least, who pay three guineas a week for lodgings alone, and many pay more than double that sum. Dressmakers, shoemakers, wine merchants, nay, even butchers, that supply them with articles, charge these poor creatures at the same extravagant rate; and thus, what they are forced to expend for their own support, would, properly laid out, maintain a large family.

It has been laid down as a maxim, that every man's ruin could be traced to his connexion with a woman; it is much more certain, that every woman's ruin is caused by man.

Women, thus cheated by all around them, thus driven to excesses and expenses, must find or make means to satisfy them; add to this, their education and habits render them weak and incapable of business. Very few women act for themselves in any station—these women never. Their friend, their favourite—in *slang*, their flash man (of whom more hereafter)—manages for them, and lives upon them, robbing them whilst he excites them to rob others. Women soon gain a facility of smiling where money is, and scowling where it is not:

“ The lover that had gain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.”

Women in private lodgings generally have a male dependent of the kind we allude to ; therefore, let the young rake remember, in his profusion, that he is not supplying the wants of the woman alone, but ministering to the depravity of her degraded paramour—he is not enriching *her*, but *him*.

Sometimes these fellows come forward as the husband of the lady, to frighten young birds : formerly, when swords were worn, we heard of their stabbing their victim ; now they rely upon their pugilistic powers, and very seldom actually resort to that. If placed in such a situation, reader, fight at once ; “ all bullies are cowards ” is an old saying, but flash men are always dissipated, debilitated creatures ; shattered constitutions are bad groundworks for boxers. These fellows do not mean to fight you, but to frighten you, and if it comes to a contest at last, nature deserts them ; they cannot fight long from their want of wind and strength, for their lives must induce weakness. We say this much to warn our readers. The grandam's advice, “ don't go in the way of such things,” is better, but who can be induced to follow it ?

Women in lodgings are generally supposed to be just come out ; this is sometimes a false supposition, for many get a great many starts. A villain now exists, and his equipage may be seen in every fashionable street, who has for years seduced girls, and then set them up in lodgings ; his brother is a proprietor of many houses in C—— Street and its

vicinity, and there he takes the victims of his rascality. The extra rents these poor girls subsequently pay, reimburse him his expenses, and, to use his own brutal phrase, "thus the pleasure costs *nix*."

Of another wretch and his victim, we have the following melancholy tale to relate:—Some seven or eight years ago, a beautiful country girl, twenty-four years of age, came to the metropolis, upon the assurance of her friends that her qualifications would soon procure her a situation, by which she would be enabled to contribute to the assistance of her parents more effectually than she could do in Somersetshire. Her education had not been neglected, and her manners and habits were the result of a constant and exclusive intercourse with her parents and friends. She arrived in London; but the hopes of those who loved her were disappointed in the very commencement of her career. It was impossible, with her limited knowledge of the world, and her manners, which were objectionable from their extreme simplicity, to obtain a situation, and she was compelled, by the approach of an exigency, which is seldom opposed by accident, to adapt herself to an occupation for which she was not well calculated as to strength, although completely so as to patience, and she became servant to a tradesman in Westminster. With an occasional claim upon her gratitude, for which he had given some cause, by showing a tenderness for the delicacy of her constitution, he succeeded in breaking up all those principles by which she was supposed to be strongly protected—she became his companion by night, but continued his servant by day. The consequence was pregnancy. Her master, through

caprice, was disgusted, and turned her out of doors; he, however, afforded her the necessaries of life, in order to keep his name from the parish. But, at length, thinking this too much, he gave her 5s. weekly (a sum insufficient to pay even her lodging), telling her that *she knew how to get more.*

The poor girl could not endure such an accumulation of torments long: she was heard to say, that she could find no comfort but in death; and, in conformity with this frantic lamentation, she resolved to put into practice her melancholy theory. She swallowed poison, and, for the purpose of "wringing the bosom of her lover," went, while under its operation, into his presence. She told him that she would trouble him no longer than a few moments, during which she would say her prayers before him, and take leave for ever. Even in this deplorable state, when she was upon the confines of eternity, she was, with unparalleled barbarity, ordered into the street; but, from the shock of her feelings, and the effects of the poison, which began to show themselves in all their terrors, he thought it prudent to countermand this order. Convulsions soon seized upon the unfortunate girl, and no surgical assistance was called in for eight or nine hours after the dose had been taken. She lingered for twenty-two hours, and then expired in the greatest agony. The corpse was in many parts as black as jet from the quantity of poison swallowed. An inquest was held upon the body, which lasted for five hours, during which a great number of witnesses were examined. The verdict of the jury was—"Died by taking poison, occasioned by despondency of mind, which caused a temporary insanity."

This man lives!—dare he think of death? Had this poor girl followed his brutal mandate, she would have become in her turn a spoiler; but she flew from the cruelty of man to the protection of her Maker. If aught can expiate self-destruction, her wrongs were an expiation. May her sins be forgiven, or visited on the head of her destroyer!

What we have said tends to illustrate our position, that women in lodgings are generally under some male influence, and so far less corrupt and disgusting in mind than those who are in open brothels, where they are in intimacy with hackneyed women, and with aged wretches, who desert nature, and invent iniquities.

In one word, women in lodgings are more expensive, but less demoralizing acquaintances than the dwellers in bagnios.

Bagnios and their Inmates.

Bagnios, or houses of ill-fame, formerly called stews, are of various kinds. The first sort which it is necessary for us to consider, are those in which women live who pay a certain sum to the house-keepers. Of these houses the principal ones are in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, Howland Street, and King's Place, Pall Mall. They are called—

Dress Houses.

They provide the wretched inmates with gaudy attire, and their mode of proceeding is this:—Any unfortunate girl who seeks admission, obtains it if her person is at all attractive; her own clothes are, on her entering the house, taken from her, and certain things lent to her. She is told that if she makes off

with these clothes she will be prosecuted for robbery, and, as she never has the custody of her own things, she can, of course, never leave till *they* please. Some of these houses feed and clothe the girls, and *exact* from them *every shilling they obtain by prostitution*, allowing them once a week to see their friend or favourite.* Mother D—— often strips her inmates entirely, to find any money she conceives they have concealed from her, and Mr. D—— not unfrequently assists in this delicate and humane investigation.

In King's Place the system is more liberal. Each girl pays 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per week, for board, washing, lodging, and the loan of some clothes; is allowed to go out once a day (*i.e.* all the morning), but expected to bring her paramour home to the house; is, by the rule, permitted one evening in the week to see an unprofitable favourite, and if she pays her rent, of course does nearly as she pleases; but the stock of clothes allowed is small. Whilst a girl has money she is tempted with the sight of superior things, which she may buy at an immense price, and pay for by instalments, or borrow at a certain sum per night. By either of these means the girls become indebted to the Lady Abbess, who, of course, lays restraints upon them accordingly.

In speaking of this worst kind of slave trade, this marketing of human beings, this polluted traffic of human flesh, justice demands that we should state the few points in favour of the wretches who live by these dealings. We therefore put forth a statement as regards the most humane of these creatures.

* This rule is an apt illustration of the ruling principle we have laid down.

Mother W——; whose real name is Chatterton, has sometimes twelve girls at once in her house.

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Twelve, at three guineas per week	37	16	0
Supposed profit on dresses sold and lent weekly	12	12	0
Rooms (i.e. the money paid by the visitors for the room, though it is the apartment of the girl, and paid for every week by her)	25	0	0
Wine, profit on (always an inferior article, and sold very dear)	5	5	0
Suppers, breakfasts, &c. (which are always charged for <i>two</i> , though the girl pays weekly for her board)	5	5	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£85	18	0

EXPENSES.

The board of twelve girls, four servants, Mrs. C. and family	9	9	0
Washing, &c.	3	3	0
Rent and taxes	3	3	0
Wear and tear of clothes, furniture, &c.	4	4	0
Wages to servants (though few of these servants take any, as they generally do well by presents)	1	10	0
Coach hire	2	10	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£23	19	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Weekly profit	£61	19	0

Mrs. C—— declares she loses 20*l.* per week, on an average, by her runaways, sick list, &c.; yet that leaves a profit of 40*l.*, or 2000*l.* a year.

The few extenuative circumstances we know we cheerfully state. We believe Mrs. C—— has acted charitably in a variety of instances. We have been told that she does not exercise any tyranny over the

feelings of her victims—that she has supported many in sickness—whilst other houses turn the poor creatures forth the instant they have contracted the disease their wretched calling engenders. Mrs. C—— has two daughters and a son. Of the ladies we have lately lost sight—the son has a variety of vagabond propensities, and was for a long period at Richardson's booth in Bartholomew and other fairs, preferring that sort of life to any that could be offered him. The houses in King's Place are generally frequented by fashionable men, and no one can expect to come out under 2*l.*, to do the thing at all genteelly. The 2*l.* are thus expended—

	£.	s.	d.
The lady	1	1	0
Room	0	7	0
Wine and cake . .	0	9	0
Slavery (i.e. servant) .	0	3	0
	<hr/>		
	£2	0	0

Many visitors, however, drop the servant 5*s.*, 10*s.*, nay, as far as 20*s.* at a time.

The infamous A——n, the most impudent and the most fashionable of flash men, used to visit once a week a poor deluded girl, who doted upon him, at this identical house; and the wretch has been heard to boast that his “Kate generally *slummed* the *coves* out of 10 or 12*l.* every week for him.” This sum was, of course, exclusive of her own expenses, and gives some idea of the sums expended at these receptacles.

Houses for Visitors.

Under this head come all houses where women

are not farmed or regularly lodged, but which are kept open for casual calls. The most celebrated of these are the White House, in Soho Square; the Key, in Chandos Street; and the Brunswick, in Bow Street.

These houses are by far too numerous for us to attempt to detail one quarter of them. The best, let their rooms at 7s. per night; but this is a nominal charge, for you are expected, at the superior houses, to incur other expenses, such as wine, servant, &c.; so that the house seldom costs you less than one guinea a visit.

The proprietors of these houses are, in several instances, men of large property. The majority belong to Jews. Belasco, the fighter, keeps receptacles of this description, and seven or eight noted fruiterers carry on the trade covertly.

The keepers of these places agree with women to "use their houses," and pay them a certain percentage for every visit they make. In the alleys in Fleet Street, the price of rooms differs from 7s. with the usual extras, to 1s. and no extras at all.

We might proceed to a number of houses which "supply the theatres." We are actually quoting their own language—but we have said enough upon this subject.

We are anxious to impress upon the minds of our readers one fact (*i.e.* that every prostitute enables some *one*, if not more, to live). She generally supports a man, and always aids very considerably in the support of her landlord, and of the brothel "she uses."

Besides the streets and theatres, the principal resorts of these poor creatures are—

*Grub's ; the Oyster Rooms ; Mother H——'s ; and
the Saloon.*

These places are too well known ; those to whom they are not are happy, and we shall not point them out.

The Saloon is kept by one Godered ; Mother H——'s by a man of the name of Page.

It is an opprobrium to our police, and to our Home Secretary, that these places exist. Here dissolute young men assemble to meet those poor wretches who live by the crimes they commit and excite. Here, too, the flash men attend to "give the office"* to their women.

At the Saloon the liquors are just endurable. At Mother H——'s (where 8s. is charged for a bowl of negus that costs 1s. 6d.) they are inferior. We must bring this article to a conclusion, and our last duty is to unmask—

Flash Men.

Under this denomination (did our limits permit) we might comprise an infinite number of persons. Is not B——, who sold his wife for 300*l.* per annum to H—— D——d, a flash man? for by that term we understand one who exists upon the money gained by a woman's permitting the caresses of others. Is not he, known through London as the bully A——, a flash man, who obtained from a weak woman valuable pictures, and, in conjunction with a tailor, deprived her of them? Was the transport Jacobs, maugre his respectable origin, any thing else? Are not

* This is a cant phrase for pointing out a likely victim for any trick ; or, in short, giving the word to do any certain act.

M—— (with his curricie), and C—— (though once rich), and B—— (though also engaged in literature), and H—— (though an actor), and C—— (the sham attorney), are they not all flash men? Nay, to ascend—have we not one or two marquisses, a colonel, and a great legal character, who deserve no other appellation? But, gentle reader, we will not fly at such high game—we would be useful rather than satirical—we will let these wealthy villains wallow in their filth; we will proceed to generalize the wretched crew who may intrude themselves upon a man moving in the middle classes.

Flash men were formerly termed bullies; but, as we have before stated, the violences of former years having disappeared, they bully less, though they rob and defraud more. Flash men are generally young fellows who have plundered their masters or relatives, and been discarded, and who, too lazy to work, have come upon the town with a few pounds in pocket probably; they formed an acquaintance with some cyprian, who, having helped them to expend that, and then learning their circumstances, as *all women have a natural leaning towards men in distress*, have befriended them—this commences the system; thus, as they become more experienced, they fasten upon different women, learn a few flash songs, a few tales of a light character, and amuse their victims by taking them to free and easies (called, where women are, “cock and hen clubs”), to vulgar dances, &c. &c. The poor girls, grateful for these attentions, grow fond of these scoundrels, who frequently treat them in the most barbarous manner.

In a walk down Fleet Street you may see twenty

of these characters any night. Fellows well dressed, but that no obtusity of intellect could mistake for gentlemen—creatures dressed gaudily, a little more genteelly than prize-fighters, but in the same style. About eight o'clock in the evening, you will find some of these wretches walk their girls up to the parade, then speak to and part from them, leaving these unfortunate females to pursue their trade, whilst the "gentlemen" adjourn to some public-house, and enjoy their glass, their pipe, and song. At twelve or one o'clock, if you have the curiosity, reader, to visit Fleet Street again, you will see these fellows return and severally accost their girls, and ask "what luck?" and if the poor creatures have received too little money, or none (as often occurs after five hours' tramp), the brutal harpy will desire her to "take another hour's chance," whilst he goes to a night-house to drink. We know you will start at the apparent impossibility of all this, reader; you will say, no woman could be so idiotic as to submit to it. *We affirm that it is true*—twenty years' experience has taught it us. We have known the women and the men, and, thank Heaven, have succeeded in taking one or two from these wretches, and placing them in the Magdalen. If you would be farther assured of these facts, take this article to any experienced police officer, and ask him if one line in it is false. Our lives upon his answer.

The privations and labour that prostitutes endure to support and pamper these men are incredible. They exceed in endurance even the most exalted instances of the force of chaste affection.

A few words will end this chapter. "Wherever there are prostitutes there are thieves"—in genteeler

circles called gamblers—the principle is, however, the same. Remember that axiom, reader, and think that your pleasure is transitory (often disgusting)—your danger twofold. It is a game at which you have nothing to win, and money, health, and reputation to lose.

After the foregoing exposition of the situation and arts of the cyprian, we would invoke the pity of mankind to their sufferings. *Lister* has made a beautiful appeal to our sympathies on this subject, and, as his poems are now seldom seen, we present this extract, which is here equally beautiful and appropriate:—

“ Poor profligate, I will not chide thy sins ;
What though the coldly virtuous turn away,
And the proud priest shall stalk indignant by,
And deem himself polluted, should he hold
A moment’s converse with thy guilty soul,
Yet thou shalt have my tear. To such as thee,
Sinful, abased, and unbefriended, came
The world’s great Saviour ; from his gentle lesson
No word of high reproof or bitter scorn
Fell chilly ; but his exhortation mild
Bade the meek radiance of celestial hope
Beam on the faded brow—‘ Who first shall throw
Against this woman the accusing stone ?’

Farewell, poor profligate ; and as I give
The trifle to avert to-morrow’s want,
Should no licentious drunkard make thee rich.
Oh ! could I to that bosom’s hell impart
One ray of that pure light of virtuous thought,
Which, ‘ ere the soul seducer ravening came,
Glow’d with mild radiance in thy angel face.
Sullen, behold the envious Levite shrink,
Whispering his mutter’d curse of angry shame,
While busy conscience slumbers now no more.
Hear this, ye hard reprovers of mankind,

Ye, to the charms of taste and fancy dead,
Who through the world's tumultuous passage keep
Your cold and even tenor. Hear and blush
Ye unkind comforters, who, as ye pour
The nauseous poison of the keen reproof
In pharisaic spleen, are studious more
To boast the virtues of your own proud hearts,
Than medicine with hope the trembling wretch
That calls on you to bless his parting breath.

Yes, hapless outcast, thou shalt have my tear;
Thou once was fairer than the morning light,
Thy breast unsullied as the meadow's flower
Wash'd by the dews of May. What if thine eye,
Once eloquent to speak the soul's pure thought,
Dart with insidious leer the lustful glance?
What if thy breast which, in thy morn of life,
Just kindling to the infant thought of love,
Trembled in sweet confusion, rudely now
Pant with fierce passion and more fierce despair?
What if thy alter'd voice, no longer soft
Or plaintive, hoarsely meet the startled ear
With horrid imprecations? Not on thee
Shall fall the curse of heaven, but on the wretch,
Fell as the lion on Numidia's wilds,
That with blood-streaming fangs and bristling mane,
Growls o'er his human banquet—on the wretch
Who, dressed in sunny smiles and April tears,
Won on thy virgin heart, and having cropt
Briefly, the luscious flower of thy young love,
Soon left thee as the poor and naked stalk,
Now worthless, to abide the winter's blast,
The chilling tempest of the world's proud scorn.

Say, when with falt'ring tongue and downcast eye,
He spake delicious music to thine heart,
Suspected not deceit, and as he press'd
Thy throbbing bosom to his burning lips,
O'er all thy frame the soft delirium stole:
Oh! could thy cheated fancy dare to think
That one so dear to thy deluded heart,
So prodigal of vows, could coldly turn
And smile on thy undoing as the theme

Of youthful triumph ; yes, he left thee thus,
Thy parent's curse, the world's unpitied scorn,
To earn the fleeting wages of disgrace,
Thy sad remains of life to linger out
In hopeless prostitution. Dead to shame
And penitence, which all would now refuse,
And shun thee as the pestilential blight,
No hope awaits thee, but in Him alone—
Who knows each secret spring that moves the heart,
And with no narrow justice rules the world."

ON THE KEDGE.

Such as are blessed with sufficient confidence to sit at the head of a table and call "order," may derive a sort of existence from publicans, who are now all literally turning their houses into places of entertainment. We have known men who could neither sing nor speak effectively, who, by good conduct, have actually grown into respect even by this wretched and precarious mode of living. But "the drink—the drink" generally destroys those who "take this course for their reputation." We cannot do better than offer to the public the following admirable article on the subject of Free and Easies, which appeared some time back in a celebrated sporting paper :—

"Free and Easies, &c.

"The amusements of the lower orders must and do take their tones from the taste of their superiors. Sixty years since, when the fashionable world patronised the drama, and when the Covent Garden manager actually knew by observation what his house could contain, spouting clubs abounded in the metropolis ; they are extinct, vanished, like the race

of mammoths—and if it was not for Tom Rees and Decastro, I should not know where to look for living evidences of their former existence. The present age has patronised St. Cecilia, and their devotions have taken seven-leagued strides since the peace. Singing did not do much during the war. Britons thought that no time for *shaking*; but peace—the ‘piping times of peace,’ made us melodists. Whilst the few ‘the world was made for,’ languished over the ‘out-breathings’ of Catalani, Garcia, Pasta, and Velluti—the plebeians were not idle. Mrs. Fubbs, of Clare Market, visited what she termed the ‘*Polony*, in St. Martin’s Lane,’ and her daughter tortured the ‘peany.’ To this expansion of musical taste do we owe the extension of Free and Easies; they have existed, indeed, many years—but how?—in dullness and obscurity. It is only lately that they have blazed into brightness. Let us draw a picture of one of these temples of Apollo. First:—A room, long and narrow, with a continuity of table from one end to the other; at the conclusion of which are two chairs, both elevated above their fellows; in these chairs sit President and Vice, with hammers in hand: before each of these official personages is a plate, in which, whether you smoke or not, you must deposit one penny for tobacco. The equity of this arrangement, as far as regards the nonconformists of the Raleigh school, seems dubious; but let that pass—the company are rather of a mixed description. Some gents will run in, in their shirt-sleeves; and, to judge by externals, others come in without any shirts at all. The smoke is as dense as on a battle-field, though here the only destruction is of verse, porter, tunes, and tobacco. The common

wind-up of these meetings is a mill, in the spirit of the good old custom at a Free and Easy of 1780; on the cards invitatory of which was inscribed—‘N.B. Fighting allowed.’ This sketch is of the *lowest* order of these entertainments; and if you step on a Monday night to *The Hog and Looking Glass*, *The Cat and Currycomb*, or *The Custard and Cheese*, or any of the *Bunches of Grapes*, in Cow Cross, Nightingale Lane, or Kent Street, you will find the bright originals in all their glory.

“Second:—The next grade of Free and Easies becomes distinguished by having a piano-forte in the room. Here you will see more coats, and less tobacco; here, too, appear a set of persons, facetiously denominated ‘professional men’—gentlemen who sing by the week at Bagnigge Wells, or less celebrated concert-rooms. You will discover one of these persons by a certain swagger of assumption, and, probably, by his ‘being very shaunty, though his hair is a little out of his hat.’ He will have a sky-blue neck-cloth, or a scarlet one, the gift of some damsel who yielded to the charms of his song: he’ll be unshaven, perhaps, but he’ll have one glove at least—and especial care he takes that this evidence of gentility be not lost upon the company. When he is asked to sing, the applause will be prodigious, and the whisper and gaze soon announce the fame of the performer; he rises from his seat, and marches boldly up to the instrument, shakes hands with the performer, his ‘*fides Achates*,’ mentions the song and key, and begins. On his *entré*, the landlord has insinuated a glass of gin and water into his hand—the wages of his worth. The visitors to these places are more regular than those of Free

and Easies, No. 1.; who are apt, oddly enough, to thin amazingly just about the time they are trying people at the Old Bailey, and on Clerkenwell Green. The consequence of this regularity of visitation is, that certain songs become identified with certain members; and when Mr. Muggs is announced, the *pianiste* plays the symphony of his song without at all consulting the vocalist. The act of invading the property of another (for melodies become thus the private property of individuals), is considered little better than a musical misdemeanour, the perpetrator whereof is a vocal latrocinist, and the exclamation—‘That is Mr. Maggot’s song,’ may be heard applied to *Kelvin Grove*, or *The Woodpecker*, maugre Braham’s claims to their original introduction.

“Third:—Free and Easies where ladies are admitted. These places are known by a metaphorical cognomen, suggested by the farm-yard, with which I shall not sully my description: they differ in degrees of respectability, or, to speak correctly, in degrees of disreputability. Here, also, we find a musician, and something he calls a piano. *Apropos*, of these musicians; they are of all sorts and sizes, both with reference to bodily and mental calibre—some are, indeed, *excellent* performers—many tolerable—and some who have the pleasing peculiarity of playing only in one key. You may sing in F, in A, or in B, but accompany you in C they will. The company at different rooms of this sort also differs strangely: *The Chequers*, at Westminster; *The Bull and Butcher*, in Smithfield; *The Golden Ball, Pavilion*, &c. &c. have their different coteries. I do not mean to individualize amid these, or the many nameless receptacles for the same company. The

inhabitants (*pro tempore*) of these rooms are in better odour with their tailors and hatters than at the other temples, as claret coats and white toppers testify; the variegated colours of their neckties, too, are remarkable—from the morone fastened by a gilt ring, to the spruce pink. Here juvenile Benedicts bring their wives, and they their babes—here lads take their intendeds; and here, ladies with no matrimonial intentions at all may be found. The singing is not usually under the guidance of a president, but one of the aforesaid professional gentlemen, who acts as master of the ceremonies. Here some good singing (especially comic) may be heard; the presence of the other sex draws forth the powers of the vocalist; the ladies' songs, too, are worth hearing, one and all; from the married dame, who sits and sings, and beats her child, to keep it still, during the symphony, to the bolder fair one, who stands beside the musician, and emulates the tone and action of Paton or Vestris. What effect these meetings have on the morals of the people, let others inquire; what effect they have on our drama, empty benches reply; the fact that there are, for the first three days in each week at least, upwards of five hundred nightly meetings, of the kinds I have particularized, in London, and its immediate vicinity, is singular—time will prove whether it be not also alarming."

FARMING.

Reader! Do you not know that we have first rate tailors who never used a needle? bootmakers who know nothing of the art? in fact, men in all businesses who, although the principals, are not the

masters of them. We have editors who do not—cannot write; and authors who never attempt it. Their business and their fame is carried on and maintained by "*farming talent*." It may be necessary to explain the meaning of the term farming as applied in this instance. It means producing by agency or assistants; * for instance, if A. has a sum of money that he wishes to employ in a newspaper, he has only to make up his mind on the course of politics he means to pursue, and the general features that he intends to produce in it; he then applies to B. for the leading article, C. for theatrical criticisms, D. for police reports, &c. &c.; these are all brought to him by poor talented devils—brought, did I say? No, reader! they are generally delivered by a ragged starving child, from its wretched parent, who, lacking the means to make a decent appearance, never goes forth (when out of gaol) until—

"The shades of night are round him!"

In many cases the miserable pittance is not regularly paid, and some of the heartless speculators flatter, lie, and by these means obtain the opinions and services of these unfortunates, pocket the profits arising from their efforts, and leave them wholly unremunerated. Thus, in new publications, the public fre-

* Whilst on this subject, we will give our readers an account of a gentleman, who understands the term "farming" very well, but he carries it to a laughable extent, for he gives no man credit for any production to which his name is affixed; for instance, he says "Pierce Egan did not write a line of *Life in London*, but I know who did;" "Cruikshanks never etched those plates;" and so on. This gentleman is well known in the sporting world, and is very often in the cabin at the *Garriek's Head*.

quently see an ably written prospectus, and the first two or three numbers are very talented; the prospectuses, in such cases, are most likely written by some poor fellow in White Cross Street, the Fleet, or the Bench, after the publisher had inspired him with a sovereign, a dinner, and a bottle of wine, with a plentiful supply of flattery and promises. The poor cooped bird racks his invention, and writes away, but finding that, of the accruing profit, he is not even allowed a small portion, he throws down his pen in disgust, and over a glass, if he can raise it, curses all publishers.

As soon as a man has succeeded in getting a book published, and advertised, he is surrounded by a little fry of would-be authors, who hand him their productions, ask his opinion, and do all in their power to graft themselves so much upon him, that they may get hold of a publisher, through his instrumentality; he, in return, well knowing what they are driving at, borrows their productions, for the purpose of, as he states, reading the M.S. with more attention, and by this means gets an article for a periodical, or perhaps an idea for a new book.

The title of author is frequently most improperly applied; most of the gentry who are so called, are merely book makers, and get up a work by means of artists and engravers, and by cutting down, fitting in, or dove-tailing the productions of others. Before we leave this subject, let us give our readers some idea of the comprehension of publishers. Shortly after the death of Lord Byron, a well known book-seller waited on a celebrated editor of *Sporting Chronicles* (P. E.), and offered him 100*l.* down, and his own terms, if he would consent to finish *Don*

Juan ; the editor, however, declined the task. Now had he bethought him, and could his nature have brooked such a business-like arrangement, he might have entered into an agreement to complete it for a certain sum, at a certain period, and paid a talented poetical man well, and have reserved an ample sum for himself.

The principle of farming is not confined to any trade—it pervades all; and we can only lament that our space does not permit our citing some well known instances. Could we safely do so, some celebrated opticians, many authors, a few musicians, and “a host of attornies would” appear to the public in a very different light from that in which they at present glitter.

Our best mode to show “How to Live in London,” is to give the history of one, who, from the age of seventeen, has supported himself without any legitimate profession or pursuit. His plan was a very simple, and a very honest one; he was “always doing the agreeable,” and would sit patiently to hear others talk; he remembered the words of Coulton—“Had we the eloquence of Shakspeare, we should please most men, most women, and most children, more by listening to them, than by speaking ourselves.” He contrived (after living six weeks upon seven pennyworth of refreshment per diem, which he divided into two parts, and partook of morning and evening at a coffee shop in Holborn) to get acquainted with a weak minded, idle, elderly gentleman, and made himself of so much consequence to his new acquaintance, that he was introduced to his

family, and ultimately became an inmate in his house. Our hero knew well, that to be comfortable in a house, you must be in favour with the mistress of it—and to be perfectly so, you must be upon good terms with every woman under the roof; he therefore commenced a regular siege; he was as respectful to the lady of the house as a “duck legged drummer to a commander-in-chief;” he smiled at the servants, and was polite to an excess to every one; and although a bad temper, and surrounded by the most disagreeable children that perhaps ever breathed in any country, yet was he never betrayed into an incautious expression, nor did he ever display any thing, but the most placid and cheerful countenance; he showed the utmost willingness on all occasions to administer to the wants and wishes of his new friends, until he was looked upon as a complete *rara avis in terris*, and to forego such a companion, was not to be contemplated for a moment. The husband and wife, although they disagreed on every other subject, perfectly coincided in this one opinion; he became referee on all matters in dispute, and well knowing the politics of the family, gave the casting vote invariably in favour of Madame; but his style was so unobtrusive, and he apologised so condescendingly for not agreeing with both parties, that it was almost impossible for those who lost by his decision to feel offended. Before he had been a twelvemonth under the roof, he became prime minister in the family, and in two years laid down the law on all subjects, matters, and things. For five years altogether he remained under the roof in question, living in great luxury, and for a considerable portion of the time enjoying the comforts of

horse exercise, shooting, &c. &c.; "when death, the disturber of high and of low," deprived him of all, and three years ago he found himself in the city of London, without a friend or a penny. As a proof of the address and confidence of the individual we allude to, we must state, that during his residence in London with his obliging patron, he waited on the manager of a London theatre, who engaged him (although he had never appeared, except before friends in private), and he acted for more than twenty nights. But to return to our hero in his pennyless situation. The five years of ease had rendered him very unfit to endure his present situation, and he now wanted food, and was not very scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining it. Towards evening he walked into the Surrey Coffee-house, and inquired if Mr. Smith had come in? Being answered by the waiter in the negative, he ordered supper, called for the boots, and composing himself with a glass of brandy and water, he retired to rest; the next morning, after breakfast, he walked into the coach-office, which joins the Surrey Hotel, and then down Fleet Street, and did not return; this sort of living he continued for two or three nights, when, in conjunction with a relation, he obtained a situation as reporter on a Sunday newspaper,* which occupied his attention

* This he did with a little wholesome impudence. He went on a Saturday to Bow Street, heard some cases, then went to the News' office, and said to the editor, here are to-day's cases, Mr. — has informed me that you would pay liberally for early intelligence. The editor knew not Mr. —, and was sorry an adventurer had taken the trouble, but yet saw that these reports would be essential to his paper; he therefore received them, and afterwards employed our hero.

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about a day and a half at the latter end of each week ; a disagreement with the proprietor, however, closed this resource in the course of a couple of months, and our adventurer was once more a gentleman at large. But during his engagement on the press, he had made a comfortable arrangement with a lady, whose character would not bear the strictest inquiry, and furnished a small house on credit—his situation was, therefore, not so desperate as before. An offer of clerkship was made, but refused, as it was incompatible with his nature and disposition to endure any thing in the shape of regularity. But as it was indispensable to do something to keep the masticatory organs in motion, he alphabetically arranged a list of the names, addresses, and profession of every individual he had ever been acquainted with. This list he used to read over at breakfast, and came to the following resolutions for carrying on his existence for the day:—A. wont lend me half-a-crown, but he'll lend me a book that will pawn for that amount. B. is mixed up with gambling transactions—a gambler is always good for a trifle. C. will give me credit for so many months, and so forth. He used to argue, that if a man would only dress himself to “forage about” he must get a living in London. At night, our contriver took the chair at free and easies, and twice a week held forth at a celebrated spouting shop, for which he was always paid. Added to this, he managed to get some victims, who he professed to teach the art of speaking, and of composition in prose ; he also wrote letters for any one, penned petitions, and drew out hand bills, and this increased his income and the number of his acquaintance. About this time he

had a pressing occasion for about 20*l.*, without knowing at the moment where to raise it. He (after mature consideration) hit on the following expedient:— He dressed himself with more than ordinary care, and started from home every morning before nine o'clock, walked through the city first (as the city men are always early), and borrowed trifles of every soul he saw, that he could at all claim as an acquaintance; he wrote to those who were out of town, or otherwise not accessible, got goods where he could not get money, frequently showing five sovereigns, and saying he wanted another to make up a payment, and adopting a variety of methods to induce the holders* of metallic substances to “fork out”) he, in six days, found himself in possession of 25*l.*

Either men are naturally idle, or pursuits of this kind require more time to be allowed to recruit those who follow them than any other. For no sooner does a man upon town make a hit, than down he sits himself, to enjoy his favourite pleasures, and never thinks of business, until

“Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at his heels, and chases him in view.”

Thus, instead of following up his advantage, which, in moments of affluence, he could do with more con-

* One was droll enough; he got a friend shabbily dressed to walk with him, and he would then call on any one he had the slightest acquaintance with, and say—“I am ashamed to intrude, but I’ve left my purse at home, and in walking along unfortunately broke, with my umbrella, this fellow’s window; he went take my address, pray pay him 5*s.*, and I’ll send it to you to-morrow; this appeal was irresistible; the most obstinate would lend under such circumstances.

fidence, and more certain success, he gets out of practice, and imbibes a distaste for active exertion.

Our hero's life involved the necessity of his making himself acquainted with business generally ; his advice was frequently asked, and his common reply was—"time is money to me, I'll sit with you for an hour for half a sovereign." This we have heard him say, and this sum we have seen him paid for an hour's conversation ; he has frequently received a guinea and a half a day, merely for his society.

He is now reputably settled in life, and is honourable in his dealings, and charitable to the less fortunate, and both respected and respectable.

We must quit this individual instance, to generalize our remarks.

It is necessary to inform the reader that he cannot legally charge for the drawing of agreements, leases, or any other instrument, nor can he make any charge as an attorney or conveyancer, without subjecting himself to a severe penalty, but *any man may charge for advice*. L——e is a man of considerable talent, and who (previous to the regulation of the Insolvent Court) had very extensive practice, which the abolition of agency in insolvent matters entirely destroyed. That gentleman having never been articulated to an attorney, nor certificated as a conveyancer, of course could not charge for acts done in either capacity, but he charges for advice given, and time employed, and this answers his purpose.

If a man be capable of advising, he ought to be paid in proportion to that capability, and this mode of existence is neither disreputable, nor dishonest ;

but at the same moment that we point out the path, we warn those who would follow it, to see that their pretensions do not exceed their powers. He who advises well, is a useful member of society; he who pretends to do it, is a charlatan and a villain.

With regard to trades, it is a general supposition that a man cannot exercise them, without having served his apprenticeship—this is an error. Half the shoemakers, hatters, and tailors in London, never served their time. Grocers, bakers, butchers, cheese-mongers, and all trades that do not come under the denomination of trades of skill, are commonly commenced without any initiation.

The important business of a printer may be commenced without apprenticeship. Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatic writer, set up as a printer a little time since; we name this as a *popular* instance. Printing is one of the arts, which a man with talent, but without money, may easily commence—the use of types he may have, and *one shilling* is the price of his certificate! It is thus obtained—Go to the office of the Clerk of the Peace for the County in which you wish to set up (that for Middlesex is the Sessions House, Clerkenwell Green), give in your name and address on a piece of paper, and they give you a printed form, in which it is averred that you have a printing press, &c. This paper must be witnessed by some one whom you bring with you. The averment is mere matter of form, and its truth is never inquired into.

Reader, if you would succeed in this world, abandon the use of the words “I can’t,” adopt “I will.” Some may advise “I’ll try,” as a medium; but the latter expression implies a doubt, and does

not inspire sufficient confidence in those in whom you may desire to create that feeling.

We remember poor Stebbing used to speak the following lines in a celebrated character which he acted at the Sanspareil:—"If I commanded an army, I'd put my soldiers into petticoats; they must fight, for d—— me if they could run." Our sentiments to a tittle.

Every man, who has to fight through the world, should place himself boldly forward, never dream of retreat, or defeat, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will succeed. There is a common phrase, used among actors, when imperfect in the text, "don't stick;" this is altered by a well known character in the city, who says—"stick at nothing, but keep out of the pale of the criminal law." We do not approve of the sentiment which this conveys; what we wish to inculcate, is a style of putting a good face upon all matters, in which you are engaged. A very useful lesson on this head may be taken from hearing Adolphus addressing a bench of magistrates, when he has no law on his side; he tells the magistrate what is not the law of the case, and thus gets him or them into such a labyrinth, that they decline deciding, and send the case to the sessions.

THE END.

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